

PRICE

SIXPENCE

THE LUDGATE



VOL. V. (NEW SERIES) No. 26. DECEMBER, '97.

Even a **BACHELOR** can prepare a cup of **EPPS'S COCOA**.

GRATEFUL - COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST - SUPPER

DIRECT FROM THE PATENTEE AND SOLE MANUFACTURER TO THE CUSTOMER AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

THE WONDERFUL ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE.

3 Stops.
Vox-Humana,
Expression,
and Flute.

Two Complete
Sets of Reeds.

SPECIAL OFFER—A FOUR-GUINEA ORGANETTE FOR 35s.

**3
STOPS**

The very **ACME OF MUSICAL INVENTION**, an instrument with as much variety of tone as a £25 organ. Every orchestral Organette has **28 FULL-SIZE AMERICAN ORGAN REEDS**, controlled by **THREE STOPS**, viz.: Flute, Expression, and Vox Humana, furnishing the **GRANDEST ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS**. THE RANGE OF MUSIC AND TONE IS PRACTICALLY UNLIMITED. For HOME ENTERTAINMENTS THEY ARE UNSURPASSED. We **REFUND THE MONEY AND PAY CARRIAGE** to anyone not entirely satisfied after receiving it. Any tune can be played with artistic effect by anyone, young or old. We will give a selection of **MUSIC FREE** with each Instrument. Send money by Registered Letter, Crossed Cheque, or Money Order. For 2s. extra the Organette will be sent carriage paid.

J. M. DRAPER, Organette Works, BLACKBURN.

EASY PAYMENTS.

We have decided to sell a limited number on following easy payments: 10s. deposit and 5s. monthly. Price 40s. Full particulars on application.



A MERE
CHILD CAN
PLAY IT.

By Royal
Letters Patent.

Size, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. long, 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, weighs 8 lbs.

TOM SMITH'S



CRACKERS

OF ALL FIRST-CLASS GROCERS
AND CONFECTIONERS
EVERYWHERE.



WAITING FOR MAMMA

Photo by E. C. Porter, Ealing, W.



A LITTLE MODEL

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles

(See article, "Child Models" on page 150)

The Green Turban

[COPYRIGHT IN UNITED STATES, DEC., 1897]

WRITTEN BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. SHELDON

I.



HOUGH Syrian and nomad Arab know it not, there lies a point, not far from Jaffa, on the lonely shore of the sea, where tradition plants as fair a myth as shall be found in ancient story. Here, at the silver margins of the Mediterranean, where blue waves tumble on wide sands and cast their saltiness upon the wind, even to the orange-tawny cliffs and the tamarisks beyond, was the naked beauty of Andromeda chained aforetime ere

she joined the stars. From these waters the primal snake raised his loathsome jaws to devour her; from this pure Eastern sky, shining like a cloud at sunset, winged-footed Perseus came to save. Even yet that petrified leviathan may be seen in the ugly black ridges of rock near the shore. Its mane of weed floats upon the sea; its fossil teeth are yet bared when the savage west wind blows; and many sea-going folk, less fortunate than Cassiopeia's daughter, have perished in its jaws without any Perseus to succour them.

Here, on a day now long past, red fires of dawn leapt to the zenith from the dark ridges of the Judean hills, and all the silent scene still slept save where, at meeting-place of earth and water, a little ripple that had not wrecked a shell lispd along the sand and fringed the shore with rubies caught from the morning. The world woke rosily as a little child. Then, out of the sea-mists, swelled

a black spot that slowly travelled along from the direction of Jaffa. This grew into a small boat, and the solitary rower, presently approaching a point where ancient and broken columns of granite lay scattered at the edge of the sea, turned his skiff to the land. It was a spot well known to fishermen.

Fazl al-Sammák pulled his oars until the beak of his boat ploughed the shingle. Then he came ashore and made her fast. Presently he drew forth a carpet from the little ship and spread it upon the sand, and prayed the Dawn Prayer, begging for his guardian angels peace from Allah. But the man's handsome face remained dark and sad; for prayers were as dust in his mouth, because he smarted under great new-born affliction, and his sorrows were then too tremendous and too recent to find comfort either in heaven or on earth. Truly Fazl al-Sammák's fate was the hardest that can well fall to the lot of a youth. He had loved and been loved, and he had lost in a manner so sudden and over-filled with mystery that now madness tinged his mind, and he felt tempted to risk salvation in return for some word definite and certain rather than his present agony of ignorance and doubt. His little Syrian love had been Tuffá-hah—which is to say "the apple"—who, indeed, until her spiriting away, was the very apple of his eye and his heart. A plump, round-faced maiden of fifteen years was Tuffá-hah, and her lover stood high in estimation as a man of his hands, as one well-skilled in management of boats on that dangerous shore, and as an angler expert in the taking of fish with hook or net. For this girl and boy the round world had long held nothing but themselves, and Fate

so far smiled that, until now, the tide of their loves ran smoothly without cross-current or rock. The girl's father showed contentment with Fazl's gifts; a day was at hand that would unite them; the maiden's friends were already busy with baked meats and those sweet pastries of honey and almond that Tuffá-hah loved. Then darkened a night when she vanished utterly, as a dream vanishes at waking, or the cloud that yesterday hid the sun; and, for Fazl, life became a plant whose sole fair flower had been plucked by unknown hands, leaving all that remained barren and unlovely. A road of dust and flints stretched before him now—a road to be trodden alone and with naked feet. There was no warm heart to beat against his bosom any more; and his own froze at the thought of it; while the world, of women, without their queen, Tuffá-hah, was henceforth in his mind as a world of ghosts. Now, under the dawn, he breathed in spirit the sweet savour of the musk that was Tuffá-hah's own perfume, and his soul sank in his awful sorrow, and the silver and gold of the morning was black to him, and the sweet air, foul as a fog rising over graves.

Little Tuffá-hah had gone at dusk to buy oil of sesame and lettuces in the market-place; and she had not returned. Few remembered to have seen her, save Ali Khallikan, the water-carrier, who brought the last fragment of news. He had met her and offered to bear her basket, but she had refused, and so passed out of his sight on her homeward way.

That Ali Khallikan had thus seen the girl, last of all who knew her, was remarkable, for he shared something of Fazl al-Sammák's love, and, though middle-aged, and poverty-stricken, and friendless, yet he ever lifted his eyes to Tuffá-hah as a faithful dog to its mistress. Now while the younger man wept and prayed for his pearl, Ali did neither, but went Jinn-mad, and passed through the bazaars with dust upon his head and a torn raiment on his lean body. From his wrinkled forehead the green turban of the Mecca pilgrim disappeared, and no head-covering concealed his tangled

locks. The children laughed and pointed at him, and cried "Majnún, Majnún!" as he wandered with aimless footsteps through Jaffa; the folk whispered and held him insane for grief.

Thus it came about that the fisherman and the water-carrier were at one in a common misfortune; and now, as Fazl made an end of his dry prayers, it chanced that Ali Khallikan also appeared upon this deserted shore.

II.

NEITHER saw the other immediately, and Ali Khallikan, who came down to the sea through the tamarisk bushes, looked only upon the sand. He was haggard, and his fingers ever played in his beard. Presently he reached the edge of the sea, and then he lifted his eyes, and stood where the ruins of the granite pillars were scattered. These had fallen in centuries long past and gone; but one broken column by some chance stood upright as though marking a grave. When high, the tide nearly covered it; when low, a man might reach it by wading to his thigh. Here the fragment had appeared since a time beyond living man's recollection, and the passion of five hundred winter seas had not thrown it among its companions. The shattered granite stood like a woman turned to stone in an under-robe of black weed and green, that marked the limits of the sea about it; and beneath the water at its foot, clear eyes might note hermit-crabs creeping in their borrowed shells, and anemones like flowers, and a shimmer of light where tiny, new-born fishes swam in shoals. Many another pillar hewn for ancient pomp and splendour lay recumbent under the water here; while inland also one might sometimes find them set to the use of rollers that men passed over the land after planting of grain.

Having gazed at this time-worn fragment awhile, Ali's heart heaved, and he smote upon his breast and turned away. Then his black eyes met those of the fisherman, and suddenly grew as small as a crab's.

But Fazl al-Sammák, only knowing



"HE CAME ASHORE"

the other as a man who had worshipped his love dog-like at a distance, was not touched at any time to jealousy, and now, remembering that men said Ali had taken leave of his senses for sorrow, he approached him and gave him a kindly greeting.

"Sleep forgets us," he said, "and our morning is night and our night the grave. Salutations, Ali Khalikan, for you, too, loved her, though not as I loved, and the trouble that brings me

here brings you also." The elder man approached, but his voice was hard and high, and his grief seemed a mad spirit that possessed him, and stared fiery and tearless out of his furrowed face.

"You speak truth and falseness in a breath," he answered. "True, I sleep not, and roam the lonely shore for sorrow; but love is as great a thing in the homeless dog as in the lion. Say not my love was less than thine, but greater, even as my age and my know-

ledge of both sides of life and of women must be greater than a boy's. Wait till grey Time has blown upon you, and the journey's end is near. Then talk of love! You knew no more of the worth of Tuffá-hah than of the pearl you draw forth from the sea. A pearl she was to you, a fair woman with a voice like the cushat's, with eyes that were the windows of Paradise, with warm blood in her veins, whose breath was sweeter than musk, whose little hand made your nerves tingle and your heart shake at its touch. I know—I know all that you would say; but there is more than that; and I can see it, being not new to women. They broke my heart before you were born, and she mended it; they shattered my trust and faith with their cruelty, and she revived them. Prayers and fastings were nothing, tears and sorrow were nothing, Mecca was nothing to her influence. One kind word from Tuffá-hah has often served me for food and drink. Thought of her has straightened my back and smoothed my forehead and cooled my eyes, and made me believe in Allah and look men in the face. I tell you she was the very handmaid of the Eternal—an angel of goodness and pity—a creature too pure for the touch of man's hands—a thing sacred and adored—a ray of pure light from the Highest Heaven."

His body heaved and his agony brought beads upon his brow, but no tear to his eye.

Fazl was silent for a moment before a spectacle of hidden suffering that dwarfed his own in its fierce intensity.

"You say truly, Ali Khallikan, and your words add one drop of bitterness to a cup I had thought was full. The jewel of her fair soul I, too, knew and worshipped even as you; but the casket of her silver body was precious also, for I am young, and man is a thing of senses by the will of God. Pray Allah she be not blotted from life; but this I know: she loved me, and mine was her last thought and heart-beat if she be, indeed, gone from me."

The other started and his lips moved; but his eyes were fixed on the far

distant rim of the sea, and he made no answer.

Fazl sighed, and turned as though to dismiss a subject too sad for more discourse.

"Art thou not a Hadji of the green turbans, Water-Carrier? How comes it then that the Hue of the Pure, the emblem of the pilgrimage, covers not your forehead at this sad hour?"

"Any rag will keep off the sun. Speak on where our hearts are. That Tuffá-hah is in truth dead, my angel has told me by night; and the voice that spoke it was clear as a bell."

"Allah send you err. Yet certain it is that after fall of his appointed hour, no man can stay him whom Azrael beckons."

"She is dead, I tell you, and Paradise the richer. This was no place for Tuffá-hah. She came to earth by error of some careless spirit sent to carry her elsewhere, and now she has returned and smiles in a sweeter world among her sisters. For you there is the wide earth left, and Time, who heals young hearts and young flesh quickly, will help Fazl al-Sammák to forget. I am too old to forget. Farewell."

Ali slowly moved away towards the rift in the low yellow cliffs by which he had come to the sea. But the fisherman felt a great pity bubbling in his heart at sight of the stricken wretch; and a flash of wisdom from Allah's own treasury entered his heart, and told him that to lighten the lot of this sad soul would be to lighten his own.

"Go not from me!" he cried. "Your speech is gall and honey; but I glean from the harvest of your wise words, and know that 'tis better to think of an angel in Paradise than weep for a dead woman."

"Nevertheless, if any ray of comfort can soften your suffering you loved her not," answered Ali, again moving away.

But Fazl would not suffer him to depart thus. He knew his worldly position was pitiful, and that he had sold his water-skins to buy a mourning garment.

"Stay!" he said. "Where do you go?"

"What matter? I stand before you as you see me: a man who has no longer



"ALI WENT JINN - MAD"

where to lay his head or food for his mouth. I yearn for death, Fazl al-Sammák, as a little child, weary with much weeping, yearns for sleep."

"Your misery is greater than mine, brother, and a morning meal at least you shall have of me. The first cast of my net is yours to-day, if you will it so; but you must help me draw it. Speak not of death, then, for to live is nobler. Let us live and do good works. So, maybe, both you and I shall win a footstool in Heaven, where Tuffá-hah sits upon a throne."

III.

THE young man's offer, to throw his net for his friend in sorrow, was not strange, because a right Moslem often devotes a single application of his art or craft to another's weal. Thus your diver will dive once for an unfortunate companion, and should rare sponge or pearl reward him, his comrade is the richer; while fisher or fowler will likewise apply a venture to another in need, thereby strengthening themselves with Allah.

Ali Khallikan bowed his head and accepted the charity offered.

"It is well," he said, "and the silver of the sea shall be mine that I may do what lies before me to do with the courage begot of a full belly. Cast forth, and Heaven send you reward."

So Fazl entered his boat, and taking the net rowed out a hundred yards from shore and flung it into the sea as he went. One end he left buoyed to a great cork; with the other he returned to the shore and placed the rope in Ali Khallikan's hand. Then, rowing to the sea again, he brought back the other end; and the net was as the shape of a half moon on the water. With the short chords that Syrian fishermen fasten round their waists and hitch in turn to the incoming net, the men now set about their task; and soon they began getting the net apace till the circle of it narrowed into a splashing, shimmering cone. The purse came slowly agleam with live silver; the sea twinkled as under a cat's paw of wind, and the

brown weeds and red danced in the dark net while it came to hand.

But a great weight, as of something that was dead or slept, kept the purse low, and when they drew it forth the toilers forgot the fishes that leapt in the agony of thin morning air and dotted the yellow sand with silver and gleamed under the sunshine.

For the net brought a dead woman back to the land, and the woman was Tuffá-hah. Both recognised her, for Allah's hand had held back the sea things that hold no human flesh sacred. She smiled in death, and her eyes were shut and her beauty had not wholly vanished. Fazl tore his garments and plucked at his beard and fell upon the sand, but the other man showed no surprise, but a savage joy rather.

"Kismet!" he said; "this net is mine, yet not mine. I never envied you the casket, fisherman. But that belongs now to Death, and the jewel it held gleams on Allah's bosom."

"How came she here? God of pity! You speak as one having knowledge!"

"Put marble above her; set a marble dome over this poor little body, so that the unborn may kneel there. Yet beware of vain images: this is not Tuffá-hah. I set her free—yes I, Ali Khallikan. I delivered her from the flesh."

"You slew her!"

"Note the dark green round her, and that wrought rock there above the sea. 'Tis no water-weed, but a turban meaning the pilgrimage. Fate wills that you know all, Fazl al-Sammák, and you shall do so."

The one stood with his arms folded, motionless and calm as a stone; the other knelt by the dead, and his young face had grown old.

"As I have done for that sweet sleeper there, so would I do again. Knowing that the hour was fixed when you would have her, I did what Allah bid, and lured her to my dark chamber with tale of another's grief. Of her boundless charity and sorrow for suffering she came, and I rendered her unconscious with a drug. Then borrowing a grey ass to fetch weed from the shore, I set her upon it in a great basket and bore her here

under the night. And she revived, and the flesh was weak in her when I told her, and your name was on her lips. But I hardened my heart and obeyed Allah, and bound her even with my green turban to that ruined stone there in the name of the Most High God and the Prophet. I left her to the rising Mother of the Waters, who came quickly under a wild wind, and Allah accepted her pure as the pearl un-

silence fell and a shadow passed over him from on high, and presently, lifting himself up, he found the madman had departed. But even where he had stood, as though Allah juggled with him, there hopped a black vulture, with naked neck and hungry, golden eyes.

And Fazl, turning to the dead, found the green turban, that was twined like a snake about her, had vanished.

So Tuffá-hah slept with her fathers ;



"A BLACK VULTURE, WITH HUNGRY, GOLDEN EYES"

threaded. That was my act, Fazl al-Sammák; and gazing down upon us twain from the window of Paradise, she knows now who loved her best."

"God blacken your face, red-eyed murderer!" shrieked the other; "and God have mercy upon me, lest I cry 'there is no God!' Sucked to slow death—strangled by this cursed sea with my name on her lips! For whose sin, for whose sin has this cruel Fate been sent to the sinless?"

He fell upon his face in the sand and so remained as one dead. Then great

and when they sought the Water-Carrier, he too was found asleep. In air he hung, under the darkness of a tree among the graves in the burying-ground; and his green turban, that had bound the dead girl's body to the granite until a stormy wave swept her away, now held him aloft by the neck until a stormy wave of men found his carcass and swept it forth from holy ground and gave it a dog's burial. This they did that the dust of a murderer and a madman might not rise at the trump with the bodies of sane men and just

Public-House Museums

WRITTEN BY CHARLES E. LAWRENCE. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOS

IN "days of old" the public-house museum was a far more common institution than it is in this degenerate and utilitarian age. The village inn, resorted to by all classes,

bones and plants—all these, and many others, did mine host of the "Blue Boar" and the "Dun Cow" deposit ceremoniously behind his well-lined bar.

But with the advent of the expensively-stocked and carefully classified public museum the tavern variety dwindled and died, until to-day their modern prototypes exist but here and there in half-forgotten villages or hidden among the



MR. T. G. MIDDLEBROOK

became the natural receptacle for all the old-world, out-of-the-way "curios," collected, at much expenditure of time and patience, by whole generations of smock-troaked antiquarians and amateur seekers after treasure-trove. Roman coins, ancient British flint implements, fossil



A CASE OF GREAT AUK'S EGGS



FAGIN'S KITCHEN

rush and turmoil incidental to great centres of population.

London can boast of several, however, of which the best known is undoubtedly the famous "Edinburgh Castle," near Regent's Park. Here in the course of years the enterprising proprietor, Mr. T. G. Middlebrook, has succeeded in getting together a really valuable and highly interesting collection, including, among



STRIPED SEA SNAKE

a host of other things, no fewer than three Great Auk's eggs. These latter were bought at different times at auctions, and their aggregate cost amounted to 620 guineas, a trifle under 207 guineas apiece. This, it must be admitted, is a big price for eggs—even new-laid ones. And these particular specimens were laid so long ago that, even if there were anything inside them, which there isn't, their contents would be worse than useless, save, perhaps, for electioneering purposes.

All sorts and conditions of men and

women come to gaze upon these costly bird's eggs, and some of the comments passed by the visitors are highly amusing. Last Bank Holiday, for instance, an enterprising cabby drove all the way from Charing Cross. "Where is it?" he demanded, bustling into the bar and gazing wonderingly around. "Where is



A ROMAN VASE

what?" asked Mr. Middlebrook politely. "Why that 200-guinea egg, to be sure." "Here," replied mine host, producing the little velvet and morocco case wherein reposed the treasure. "What!"

Cabby fairly exploded. "Call that a Great Hawk's egg! Why, from wot I'd heerd about the thing I thought it was about the size o' my bloomin' keb." And the disappointed and disgusted Jehu stalked out of the bar.

Second only to the Great Auk's eggs in public popularity is Fagin's kitchen. This



CHEETAH



"BOBBIE LOWE"

was bought bodily by Mr. Middlebrook, when the house on Saffron Hill was being demolished some two years back. There is the frying-pan wherein the Jew cooked Oliver's sausages; the door of the little lad's bedroom; Fagin's arm-chair; and a whole host of other



THE CORRIER

similar relics. What's that? "There never was a Fagin, and *Oliver Twist* existed but in the novelist's imagination." Quite true! But both the Jew and the boy are, to the bulk of the English-speaking race, more real, living, moving entities, than thousands of flesh-and-blood men and women whose names are not altogether unknown to fame. Therefore, O scoffer, gaze with becoming reverence upon these grimy relics, and hold thy peace. One curiosity there is in this strange collection that is worthy of special note. It is an old-fashioned



DOUBLE PIG

burglar's jemmy, of exquisite workmanship, which was unearthed by Mr. Middlebrook himself from a specially constructed recess under the kitchen floor. The find proves, at all events, that Dickens was not far out in his knowledge of London thieves' haunts.

Another interesting exhibit, to which a melancholy interest attaches, is the "Striped Sea Snake." This specimen, which was formerly in the Royal United Service Institution, occasioned the death of a promising young midshipman, Mr. Hyman, of H.M.S. *Wolf*, in Madras roads.

The lad expired about four hours after being bitten.

But even a bare allusion, however brief, to the multitudinous lists of exhibits preserved in this unique museum would fill a good-sized volume, and each has its own peculiar history. The cheetah, which we illustrate, for example, was shot in the Punjaub many years ago by a private soldier, after it had badly mauled the native corporal of the guard. The Roman vase was discovered, in the course of some excavations undertaken some time back, in a recess in London Wall. The terra cotta statuette of



A RELIC OF THE CRIMEA

"Bobbie Lowe," is one of three specially executed to his order from the *Vanity Fair* cartoon. It will be observed that the statesman is standing on a box of matches. Those who remember the agitation over the proposed tax upon these articles many years ago, and the stand taken by Mr. Lowe in the matter, will be at no loss to understand the allusion. A curious specimen of the taxidermist's art is afforded by the "Old Cobbler." This exhibit is also interesting as being the "father" of the entire collection. It used to stand behind the bar, and the interest it inspired in the



CHINESE MEMORIAL STONE

customers suggested the idea of a grand "Free Museum."

Among other curious things to be seen here, many of which have been reproduced by our photographer, are a



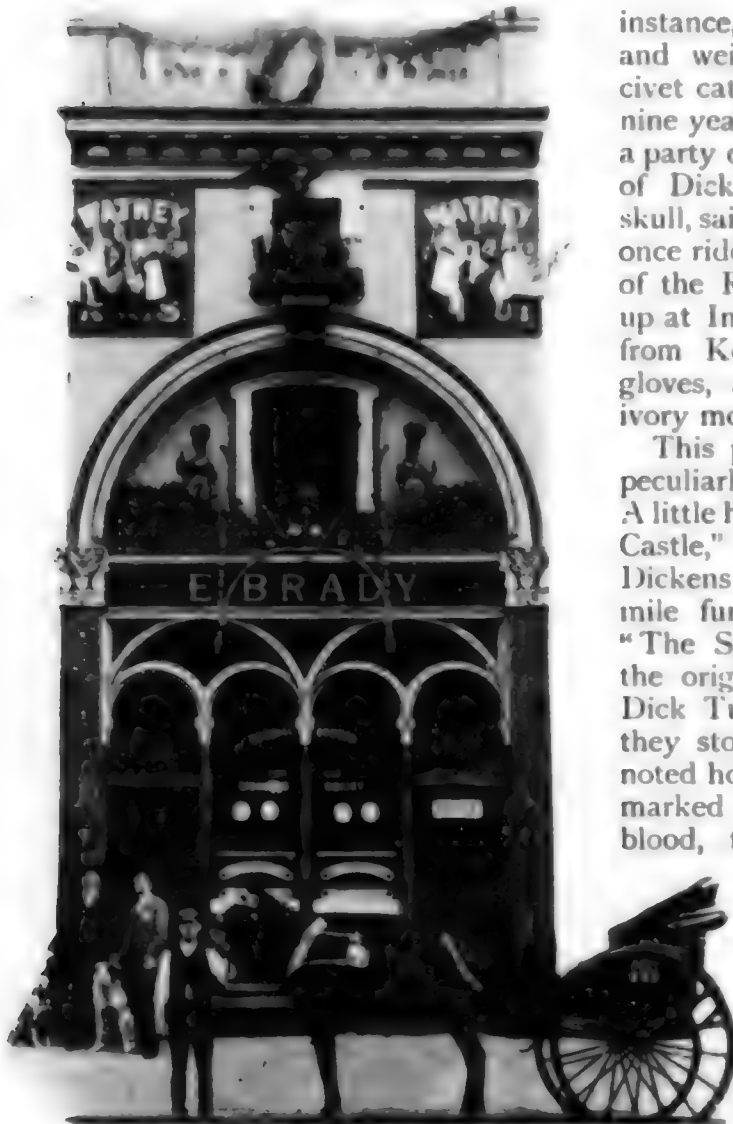
BRONZE HEAD FROM BENIN

set of "double pigs," Burmese idols, a cross taken from a Russian church during the Crimean campaign, a very ancient Chinese memorial stone, a bronze head from Benin, a couple of silver meat dishes presented to Lord Nelson by the Corporation of Manchester, Oliver Cromwell's hat, slave magacles brought by Stanley from the Congo, and, last but not least, a wedding wreath of fish scales, from the South Sea Islands.

Another famous public-house museum is that at the "Vale of Health," on Hampstead Heath. The day being foggy, our photographer was only able to secure one picture from here, the "double calf" shown on this page. But there are hundreds of other exhibits. For



DOUBLE CALF



THE "HOLE IN THE WALL"

instance, a porpoise, seven feet in length, and weighing two hundredweight; a civet cat, which lived in the house for nine years, and was poisoned at last by a party of Bank-holiday "trippers"; one of Dick Turpin's pistols; a donkey's skull, said to have belonged to an animal once ridden by Nell Gwynne; a helmet of the Russian Imperial Guard, picked up at Inkerman; an immense crocodile from Korti; a pair of Dr. Nansen's gloves, and a magnificently executed ivory model of a Chinese pagoda.

This particular district, by the bye, is peculiarly rich in these strange museums. A little higher up the hill is "Jack Straw's Castle," where is preserved the famous Dickens arm-chair; while about half a mile further down the road again is "The Spaniards," where may be seen the original knives and forks used by Dick Turpin and Jonathan Wild when they stopped, as they often did, at this noted hostelry. One of these knives is marked with a dull stain, said to be blood, the tradition being that the weapon was used by Turpin to stab to death a companion in a fit of drunken rage. Here also is kept the huge key which is said to have unlocked the secret passage connecting the cellars of the inn with the neighbouring mansion of Caen Wood.

Few dwellers in the East

End of London but are acquainted with the "Bell and Mackerel" in the Mile End Road. The really fine museum attached to this ancient tavern was originally founded by the East London Entomological Society, and has grown and grown until it now comprises more than 20,000 specimens of birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, insects, &c., arranged in about 500 separate cases. A little further west, in the same road, is a house known far and near by the curious appellation of the "Hundred and One."



A BEAR'S HEAD

It derives its name from an oil painting of unknown antiquity which hangs behind the bar. It is a portrait of three men—local celebrities evidently—and underneath is recorded how "these three men drank in this house one hundred and one pots of porter in one day for a wager." Twenty minutes' sharp walking from the "Hundred and One" will bring the visitor to the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, where, in a small beer-house, is an immense brass frying-pan, twelve feet in circumference, and known as King Lud's stew-pot. Some distance in the other direction, at the "Bridge House," Canning Town, is an enormous crocodile which



BORNEO MONKEY

the local wiseacres persist in affirming was captured in Bow Creek hard by. The most famous museum on the Surrey side of the Thames is that attached to the "Hole in the Wall" in the Borough High Street. We reproduce photographs of four from among the many strange and curious things to be seen here. The monkey came originally from Borneo, and used, when alive, to be a great favourite with the customers. On the



DOUBLE LAMB

occasion of the Jubilee he was dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, provided with an umbrella, and stationed on which the proprietor, Mr. Brady, possesses a unique collection, were found among the ruins of the old Marshal-



SKULLS FROM OLD MARSHALSEA PRISON

guard outside the house. It is asserted that the little travesty caught her Majesty's eye, and caused her to laugh heartily. The skulls, of sea Prison, which formerly stood hard by. The double lamb, an almost perfect specimen, was born in Wiltshire.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

To hail the new-born King of Kings
 The planets sing together!
 From star to star the rapture rings
 Across the shining weather;
 To hail the new-born King of Kings
 The planets sing together.

Arise, O children of the Lord,
 While world with world rejoices:
 With hearts uplifted fling abroad
 The rapture of your voices.
 Arise, O children of the Lord,
 While world with world rejoices.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

The Emergency Ration

WRITTEN BY W. F. SHANNON. ILLUSTRATED BY G. GRENVILLE MANTON

"This ration is not to be opened except by order of an Officer, or in extremity." It "is calculated to maintain strength for 36 hours if eaten in small quantities at a time." The ration consists of 4 oz. of Pemmican and 4 oz. of Cocon Paste.—*From the Label on the Tin.*

"I VOLUNTEERED for a picnic once," said the L.T.O., "and I was luffed in for once, and for the future I shall refuse all invitations; that is, unless my superior officer invites me. He isn't like your personal friends that you can dare to be a Daniel to, and say 'No,' like they impressed on us in Sunday-school as one of the sole duties of man.

"When I heard the Cap'n say to Lieutenant Senton, the Navigator, 'I want you to take charge of a little up-river picnic,' I felt a precussion of what was comin'.

"You will take twenty men and see if the River Jujube is navigable up to Bamango. The Admiral will be here in ten or twelve days, so I'll give you a week or so. Choose your own men."

"I knew the Navigator had a partic'lar likin' for me, so I schemed out of his way as long as I could. We was just gettin' ready for a little fight with M'Gooli, a chief who lived about two weeks' march from the coast, through thick woods, and his town of Bamango was situated on the river, so the Swahilis at Mombasa said.

"The Navigator sent for me very soon. 'Anson,' he says, 'Get into your landin'-rig at once, we're off on a picnic.'

"I'm a reg'lar failure at them, sir,' I says.

"Nonsense,' says he, 'you were a brilliant success before. You will bring thirty charges of guncotton.'

"So there I was, in for it. A little steam-launch was goin', and a big canoe, with niggers for paddlin', the river not bein' wide enough for ordinary pullin' boats. I was in with the niggers, a'

course, as the sweetest place. Niggers, as you may know, smells. If you're below the smell descends; if alongside, it spreads; and if you're round the corner, it circumnavigates. And this you can prove for yourself in any town in East Africa, and also you can calculate the strikin' distance and the area of disturbance, and get out of the way to a gratifyin' extent. But in a canoe you can't evaporate like that, and to be squashed up with ten paddlers, not to speak of a hoary steersman, is to be permangated with the odour, to speak hygienic. For two days we was miserable, and then we got used to the effluvia, just like you get used to the Navy. But then we became covered with corns through so much layin' about and rubbin' on the sides and ribs of the canoe; so we was never entirely joyful.

"And we got along so slow, too. You will comprehend that the river banks was overhung with trees, and that the river wound itself into tangles, so that the Lieutenant conned the launch from her bow, the steersman bein' unable to see beyond. And about every mile there was a tree layin' right across the course which wanted blowin' up. That took time, and we wasn't near Bamango on the fourth day when the Navigator says, 'We've only three days' provisions left, so we must go on two-thirds rations.' I wasn't surprised. I knew it was like this on picnics.

"The stream continued to describe the least straight course it could, and we come across rapids, too. The canoe was generally drove into the bank on the way up, and there we always picked up a cargo of red ants from the branches

of the trees. These red ants is the sort that is mostly claws, like lobsters, and they prefer to be killed rather than let go an unoffensive bluejacket or any white man. And when you *have* killed em their claws still remain, ranklin' like stingin' nettles and prickly pears conglomerated. These kind of ants showed exceptional intellectual powers to lay for us in this way. It wasn't as if the Jujube had a lot of traffic and they lay out on them branches by chance. No.

On the opposite, we was the fust that ever bust into it, I should think, and them ants was there specially for *us*. So I conclude, fustly, that word was passed up we was comin', and, secondly, that the ants was quite aware of the way the current set, and judged exactly where we should touch the bank. Else, why were they always at the right spot? Besides, there's plenty of ants have done as clever things as that. But this ain't a science lecture.

"On the fift' day we come across a village. The forest had been very dark and silent, so that it had seemed not right to speak above a whisper. And yet all the while there was a sort of sound like the trees growin' or the insects talkin' soft to one another. At the village it was just the same. The gates was open, and the people was appairiently run away, although the town was not in M'Gooli's country, and they needn't have been afraid of us.

"Give it a hail,' said the Lootenant to Brum Ward, a signalman.

"How do you hail a town, sir?' says Brum.

"O, anyhow, so long as you make a noise,' says the Navigator.

"Wot O, within-without!' sings out Brum.

"No one answered.

"Nicky-night, show yer light!' he calls again. And again no one spoke.

"They don't understand English, I'm afraid, sir,' he said. 'The c'rect thing is to wind the bloomin' bugle horn what hangs upon the portcullis or the star-board drawbridge, and challenge all comers to



"A CHAP DRESSED LIKE AN ARAB"

feets and arms together with excursions. and alarums.'

"The Navigator kep' his eye on the village. The canoe party all had their rifles loaded, with the muzzles over the gunnel ready for events. We landed and had a look round, wary, but saw no living thing till we got well inside the palisades. Then a chap dressed like an Arab comes out of a stone-built house and says, 'Hush up, she've just dropped off.'

"'Who's she?' says our Lootenant. 'And who are you?'

"'Ain't you come for her?'

"'I don't know in least who "her" is,' says the Navigator.

"'Why, that lady explorer what's been rowt-marchin' across Africa. I sent down a message about her, and I thought you was the answer.'

"'What's the matter with her?'

"'Fever.'

"'Stooard, go and see what you can do for her,' says the Navigator to the sick-bay stooard. 'And now, what's this all about? Are you English?'

"'No fear,' whispers Brum to me, 'he's the chief of Ulva's isle, and she's Lord Ullin's daughter.'

"My name is McCluskey,' begins the Arab.

"'There you are,' says Brum, 'upon the Grampian Hills his father feeds his bloomin' flock. It's a cert.'

"'And I am the headman of this village. The lady came here, explorin' and butterfly catchin', as I said. That's a week ago. And she's had fever ever since. But my wives is lookin' after her.'

"'But how came you here?'

"'From the Navy. I've served my ten. This town wanted a king, and I wanted a dry number, so I took the job. Nine wives and nothing to do, Lootenant! That's better'n cleanin' bright-work for Her Majesty, eh?'

"'Depends on the wives,' says the Navigator, dry. 'Well, what's to be done with this woman? Can you send her to the coast?'

"'No, I can't. All my men has bunked it, afraid of M'Gooli, or else joined up with him.'

"Lootenant Senton turned aside to

say a silent thing or two about lady explorers, and then observed that he confounded well supposed he'd have to make a bally call on his bloomin' way back. It certainly was aggravatin'.

"We re-embarked, the stooard sayin' the wives wouldn't let him inside the room.

"On the next day we was put on half rations. It was very irritatin' to see them niggers in the canoe, what had brought their own provisions, eatin' all the time and us starvin'. They had a fire on an iron plate, and cooked one thing whilst they ate another. Their legs and arms was spidery, but their paunch was tremenjus, which is also spidery, p'raps.

"That enthusiastic joint of a Navigator would have gone on without food at all, I think, if only the guncotton hadn't run out on one happy day. We turned, and I was properly glad, although we hadn't found Bamango. With no obstacles, and with the current, I reckoned we'd be back in two days. The fust day's run was satisfactory, and that evenin' we polished off our last provisions.

"Next mornin' the Lootenant says. 'We'll have a treat for our last day. Stooard, we'll make a meal off them medical comforts of yours. Turn 'em into soup.'

"'Everything, sir?' says the stooard, meanin' all his stock of medicines.

"The Lootenant, thinkin' he meant all the comforts, says 'Yes.'

"The medical comforts is brandy and port wine, and jellies and Liebig, and things like that. But this constipated, lower-deck doctor dropped in not only them articles, but lint—which he said would give body to the soup—and pills, and quinine, and zinc ointment, and the whole bloomin' chemist's shop in his medicine chest.

"'Orders!' he says, when we remonstrated with him.

"We borrowed some rice from the niggers to thicken the mixture, and I must say it turned out a most influential and nourishin' soup, the best I ever lapped excep' for the thoughts of pills.

"Then we settled down easy for our

last day's boatin'. Roundin' a bend just above the village where the lady was, we was brought up by a tree layin' athwart the river. Just as we observed it, and also that it hadn't fell of it's own accord but had been cut, a hot fire opened on us from each bank, and every nigger what could jumped overboard from our canoe and swam ashore with his paddle. So we surmised they was friends with the enemy. We took away the paddles of them who was left and let them dive overboard too. They got ashore all

There's very few men have seen the outside of an emergency ration, let alone the inside. Conceive a tin three inches by four and a half, weighin' eleven ounces in the mornin' and eleven pounds in the evenin'; dark blue; white label. There is the outside. We was familiar enough with that. We'd been havin' landin' turnouts all the year, and carried them blighted tins every time. They had seemed just heavy, useless lumps of lead, nearly as awkward to carry as Wallace spades. But now there was a chance of



"IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VILLAGE WAS MCCLUSKEY, DEAD"

right, I think, but we hadn't got enough paddles left to force the canoe up-stream, so the steamer cast us a rope and we hauled up the river, firin' at the flashes. Two or three of us was hit, but not bad. We anchored in the stream that night as usual, and I can assure you the sentries was wide awake. Not that a bluejacket can sleep easy when he's standin' up in a boat at any time. Marines can, because they get a lot of practice aboard.

"In the dawnin' we scooped up what we could of the niggers' rice, but it made a terrible short meal, so that we commenced to look at our emergency ration.

seein' the inside we started to read the directions again.

"It's very thoughtful of Eevan to put up chocolate cream with the concentrated beef, ain't it?" said Brum, fondlin' his tin. "Which will you start on, Chats?"

"I shall try the pemmican, Brum," I said, 'because I've read such a lot about it. The cocoa can wait. But thirty-six hours is a long time for this tinfal to last.'

"In small quantities, Chats, remember. None of your big helpin's. I wonder what it looks like inside. Has any mortal eye observed since they was packed?"

"'Once,' says I, 'a tin was opened by Adm'ralty orders, and a Fleet-Surgeon reported that one half the contents (which was the pemmican end) smoked pretty fair; but the other half, he said, he couldn't light up at all, and he couldn't, conscientious, recommend it for pipe smokin'."

"'H'm,' says Brum. 'Any more cuffs about it? Didn't another physician take it for smokeless powder?'"

"'Excuse me, Mr. Ward; but do you doubt my voracity?'"

"'No!' he says, emphatic.

"'Very well, then,' I says, 'don't be skarcastic.'"

"We was nearin' the tree again by now, and the Lootenant said we must drive off the enemy, and then chop the tree to bits, or else drag the boats round. But we was saved the portage, because the niggers had a Maxim, which certainly was against the rules of the game, and sunk the canoe. So we had to swim ashore in the shelter of the launch. The Lootenant was wounded in landin', and one or two more; but we beat back the natives and then sat down to think. Here we was, three or four days' march from the coast in a forest full of enemies. And we had no food. Besides, there was the lady.

"The Navigator called me up. 'You must take charge of a landin' party and fight your way to the village,' he says, 'after we've got the launch round this tree. I'll take the wounded on her and meet you there.'"

"So we done what he said, and met all right after meanderin' for a while. But the village was burnt, and in the middle of where it used to be was McCluskey—dead. So we surmised that p'raps cleanin' brightwork was safer than bein' a king.

"But the lady was disappeared.

"'One more ugly one gone,' says Brum.

"'How do you know what she looks like?' says the stooard.

"'P'raps you think she's a beauty?' said Brum.

"The stooard was done. It was impossible to conceive that.

"'There you are!' says Brum, trium-

phant." But as he stood grinnin', his face gradually straightened and his eyes bulged. For strollin' into the village there came a lady, a young lady, all glorious to behold, with a butterfly net and other gadgets slung round, and a pistol in her hand.

"'Good-afternoon,' says she.

"Them who could speak answered, and everyone saluted as if she was an Admiral's daughter.

"And Lootenant Senton, with his arm in a sling, blushed extempoar when he thought of the remarks he'd passed about lady explorers.

"But he touched his cap and observed that it was a fine day. And she said, 'Yes, and yesterday was pritty fair.' Then he said he hoped to-morrow would be all right, but she cut in and said:

"'Let's leave this civilised talk, and get on to sense, Lootenant'—she said 'Lootenant' just like we do, and not 'Leftenant,' like landsmen in England talk, so I guessed she was American—'I've been out two days on the hills, but I saw the smoke of the burnin' and judged I best come and see after my baggage.'"

"'But—er—but—the fever?' stuttered the Navigator, still moony and wonder-struck.

"'O, that's gone, like the baggage. Intermittent. Here to-morrow, p'raps. Where's King McCluskey?'"

"The Navigator opened his mouth, and couldn't speak. She looked round at us. 'Poor McCluskey,' she said. 'Have you buried him?'"

"We done it, and she whittled a board for a headstone; and by that time she had learnt all there was to learn from Lootenant Senton, for she was proper business-like.

"'And what ye doin' now?' she says.

"'We must put the wounded aboard the launch,' says he, 'and the rest of us must fight through by land.' And he offered her a place on the launch. She wouldn't have it at all. So he embarked the wounded, except himself, and he reckoned he'd be happier marchin', with her. But she says 'No' to that. She would be guide, because she knew the country, and he must bring up the rare



"TOUCHED HIS CAP AND OBSERVED THAT IT WAS A FINE DAY"

He pulled a long face, but he done it. I followed her, and we stepped out in single file. All that evenin' she kep' on, and far into the night, till we got on to some open hills.

"'What are them flashes across the sky,' says she, callin' a halt.

"'Electric light!' I says. And we all watched for a minute or two.

"'They're signalisin' to us from the ship,' says Brum. And so they was, to recall us. Again and again the same signal flashed, and we couldn't answer. We lay down, dead-beat, and watched them aggravating flashes for a time. But some looked at their emergency tins, and the lady saw them and gathered what they was for.

"'Lootenant,' says she, 'ain't it time we had supper?'

"The Navigator looked doubtful. 'I shall have to explain it all on paper,' he says.

"'Besides, we ain't got no tin-openers,' whispers Brum so's she could hear.

"'And it will look different then,' went on the Lootenant. 'Diggin' into emergency rations means trouble with the Adm'rality. No one's ever done it.'

"'There's a chance for an original man,' says she. And she hummed, 'Port Admiral, you be-damned,' in dulcimer tones.

"'It's only about twenty-four hours more to the coast,' says the Navigator, not stickin' to the truth.

"'Yes, that's all,' whispered Brum. 'It'd be a pity to break open these tins after carryin' 'em so fur and showin' 'em at so many inspections. We really ought to wait for a serious emergency, miss.'

"'Look here,' says my lady. 'Some of you hands'—'hands' she said, quite familiar—'some of you hands build a fire and all of you bring your tins here.' So we done that, and by that time she had persuaded the Lootenant to allow half the tins to be opened.

"And all the while the signals went on, ditto, repeato, as before, till, at last, they changed and said, 'Is that your fire? If so, light two more, one on either side.'

"We done it.

"Then they said, 'Are you in difficulties? If so, put one out.' We did.

"And after that we conversed with 'em, slow, and they got our bearin's and said they'd send search-parties.

"In the black night we started again, and dived down into the woods, and the lady was the leadin' figure, as previous. There was innumerable creepers to trip over, and stumps, and every now and then we bashed into trees. When the lady got an extra bash she swore in the most intoxicatin' sweet way, and then apologised to *me*. I never felt any knocks myself after that. To *me*! Thunder and earthquakes!

"It was better in the daytime, and we crawled on till midday, when she halted us and ordered the last of the emergency ration to be cooked. Ordered, mind! The Navigator was too far gone to argue.

"In the afternoon we shuffled on again, she steppin' out lively as ever. And that evenin' we met a search-party, and all our troubles was ended. But the picnic wasn't—quite.

"The Navigator was not nearly finished. The lady came aboard with us, so as to be carried to a civilised port. And she looked after that Lootenant proper, besides the other wounded, till Zanzibar. And there, as soon as she landed, she sent off to the picnic party a couple of bottles of Bass each. And I tell ye, it went down high.

"She came off frequent to see to the Navigator's arm and to play the piano at church service after that. And one fine day the Navigator went ashore, and the Cap'n and me, and the Cap'n's cox'n, and we met her at the Consul's office. The Navigator was the best man in her estimation, and best off in ours; and she wanted me in it to be witness, because, she said, it was romantic. Her name was Petronella Alexandrina something—and she was all that, there's no doubt. Lord! she was a beauty! And me and the cox'n struck down some more beer which she had thoughtfully provided; and the Cap'n said he hoped Mrs. Lootenant would give over her wild ways and settle down steady for the future. And she has, too. She caught a burglar with her own hands on'y the other day, through bein' so domesticated."



WRITTEN BY EDWIN SHARPE GREW. ILLUSTRATED BY L. RAVEN-HILL

IT is a long "beat"—that of the Thames Police along the silent highway of the Thames. It stretches from Hammersmith to Blackwall, and it takes within its scope the most varied panorama of life and toil that can be found on any waterway in the world. From Hammersmith it passes by Putney, with the Putney boathouses and the ivied church, and the group of placid Georgian houses nestling under the shelter of the bridge; past Hurlingham, with its white colonnade gleaming through the trees, and Broomhouse Lane running down to the river's edge with as rural an air as if it were the lane at Shepperton or Bray; past Chelsea, with its Royal Hospital, and Lambeth with its Palace—between the pile of the Houses of Parliament and the cheerful red front of St. Thomas's Hospital "with healing in its wings"; along the fine curve of the Embankment, beneath the railway arches and almost under the morning shadow of St. Paul's,

down to London Bridge and the river below the Pool. The river below London Pool is the busiest part of the river policeman's "beat": it is, perhaps, the busiest place in the world: the most



A BOAT'S CREW

changeable, the most varied. If Walt Whitman had been a Londoner he would have sung the Song of the Pool. One can imagine his pæan of enthusiasm at the sight of its business, its toil, its grimy wealth, its ships and its labourers,

went swirling down the river with the brown tide, and that the murky cowl of smoke hanging over the Pool sheltered all sorts of high tragedies, criminals and mysteries. But in sober truth the duties of the river police are strikingly prosaic;



TYPES OF THE THAMES POLICE

its steamers and the brown-sailed barges:—

The grey-sailed brigs, slender, serpentine, pennanted, the black tugs rimmed with foam,

The sooty chimneys, the whitening spires of the occasional churches on the banks, the infrequent green trees—I, Walt Whitman, float them a carol!

The curious houses, tight wedged between the wharves, the forgotten inns, the green slimed watermen's stairs—these I remember.

The plantations of spars in the docks, the smell of the tar, the curtseying buoys, yea, even the penny steamboat, and the, not of itself, strictly speaking, attractive dredger—even these I chant glorious!

O! dear and beautiful; O! dirty and not always sweet to the nostril, but ever sweet to the heart—to thee, O River below the Pool, I sing!

One would like to think that the duties of the river police were as picturesque as their environment, that the clues to all sorts of crimes

the mysteries they encounter are scarcely more exciting than those which the City Police find in Cheapside, and the criminals towards whom they thrust the hard hand of the law are chiefly of the character of "sneak thieves," of the pickers-up of coal from the dumb barges, of pilferers of trifles from unguarded craft at anchor, of the stealers of a stray dinghey. The river is so well policed that there are not very

many even of these petty crimes to vary with the excitement of a chase the monotony of the river policeman's duty. Their hours of duty are severe, six hours on the water and twelve hours off, and the six hours on are spent, whatever the weather, wet or fine, frost or fog, in steadily pulling up or down the tide. They are a fine body of men, well fitted to such service. Many are old Colonials, others middle-aged men from the Navy or from the mer-



RIVER HANDICUFFS

chant service — all of them stiff-built sailors capable of rowing six or eight hours at a stretch without resting on the oar. All are men whom in their youth "heard the sea calling," and nearly all are veterans in the police service. A police boat always carries one veteran, and long familiarity with the waterway and its people has taught the older men to know and recognise the voices of all the watermen on the river. I remember, when a little time ago I was travelling along the "beat" on the Thames Police launch, the *Alert*, hearing one of the river police inspectors tell an odd little story of an arrest which was made through this ability to identify watermen by their voices. When in doubt, the police boat always hails the boat it has in view, and listens for the reply.



FOR COAL STEALING
Charge Room on board the "Royalist"

"We were a-rowing along to home," said the Inspector, "and when we come underneath Blackfriars Bridge we see a man in a boat. And I says to my men rowing: 'Who's that? I don't know him. Give him a hail,' I says. So they shouted 'Yo-hoi!'"

"He says 'Hello!' and I adds 'Who are you?' It was dark and a bit foggy.

"'Charlaay!' he shouts back.

"'Cur'us!' says I to the men. 'I don't seem to know this Charley. Pull

over and let's have a look at him.'

"So we pulls over; and I said to him: 'Well, *who* d'ye say you are?'"

"'Charlaay,' he says.

"'Charlaay what?' says I.

"'Charlaay Dunk,' says he.

"'Well, who's boat have you got?' says I.



BRINGING IN A CAPTURE

"'Tom Matthews'" says he.

"'Tom Matthews'!" says I. 'Well, how did he come to lend you his boat?'



RIVERSIDE TYPES

"'You want to know a bloomin' lot,' says he. 'I'm a-goin' down to my barge.'

"'O, you are, are you!' says I. 'And what might the name of your barge be?'

"'It's the *Mayflower*,' says he, 'bust yer!'

"'You regulate your tongue a bit better, young man,' says I; 'and where d'you keep your barge?'

"'Look 'ere,' he says, 'my barge is at the Oil Mills, Bankside; and I don't want no more truck with you,' says he.

"'Ah,' says I, 'unfortunate there don't happen to be any Oil Mills at Bankside. I think we might as well take you along with us to the station. Come along, Mr. Dunk!'

"So we took him along, and we found that we'd been wanting him for robberies for years. He'd borrow somebody's boat—anybody's—and go on board a ship at anchor and get into conversation with the watchman. He'd say as his barge was lying handy and he was waitin' for the tide. Then presently, after getting friendly with the watchman, he'd be down the fore-hatch and through the cabins, and next mornin' the captain and mates would miss their things that were lying on the bunks when they went ashore. Three convictions were proved against him. Ten years he's got. He's done about six of 'em now."

The headquarters of the river police is at Wapping. You turn to it out of Ratcliffe Highway through a narrow

alley, and it is not far from Wapping Old Stairs. When "Wapping Old Stairs" inspired Percy's song the Wapping policemen might have dwelt in an atmosphere of romance and excitement, though according to tradition policemen were conspicuously wary of showing themselves in the neighbourhood; but nowadays Wapping Police Station is quite commonplace, with bills advertising drowned bodies outside its land entrance, and a neatly castellated exterior in yellow brick, facing the river front. Inside it is the ordinary clean-washed, chilly police station. There are bedrooms and a dining-room for the policemen, and a couple of cells for the accommodation of an elastic number of offenders. They are cheery cells; one of them is specially retained for women; both are painted yellow, and are provided with a wash-basin, towel, and a drinking cup. A pillow and a rug are furnished for the women, and the apartments are fitted with electric bells—a convenience of which the cell's unwilling guest sometimes endeavours to show his appreciation by pressing the button for half an hour on end. This affection for the electric bell is usually to be attributed to a desire to disturb the police officer on watch. As, however, the policeman

on watch is able to disconnect the electric bell, this amiable effort is by no means uniformly successful.

Of the two other stations of the police, the less familiar and the more imposing is that at East Greenwich. The quarters here are between the decks of the old *Royalist*, a brig which saw service years ago in China. She is a commodious, handy old ship, with snug, attractive quarters, and great oak

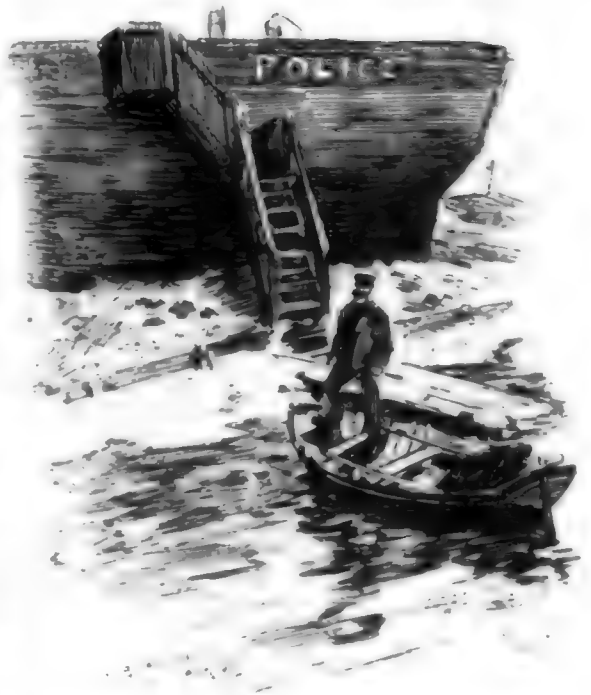


A WATER POLICEMAN

beams. If the beams of this old Greenwich pensioner could speak, they might, perhaps, be garrulous of strange experiences in the China seas; but romance about the brig has to be built on the slenderest foundation of fact, and the only really safe thing to say about it is that as a police station it finds a useful close to an honourable career.

The third station, and the best known one, is that which is tucked away by Waterloo Bridge. It is the smallest of the police stations; but in the mind of people who catch sight of it over the bridge or the Embankment it assumes an importance greater than either of the other two, because of the tragic import of the incidents which interrupt its daily business.

It is the Station of Suicides: and Waterloo Bridge where it is situated was years ago called the Bridge of Sighs, because of the number of people who tried to end their lives there. A body a week on the average is brought to the station; and the common episodes of its duties are "Bodies Found." The happier events in its routine are "Attempted Suicides." In a year there are some fifteen men and some five women who are brought to the station, having tried to drown themselves, having failed—again—and having been rescued.



THE "ROYALIST" POLICE STATION

The chief room at Waterloo is one fitted with a hot-water bath and hot-water tins, and provided with a medicine chest. A card of "Sylvester's Instructions for Restoring the Apparently Drowned" hangs upon the wall. In this room many a poor soul has been given the chance of reconsidering her decision to cast off the weariness of living; and many, so it is said, have been grateful for the chance.

A few queer instances of suicides are preserved in the records of the station, or in the memory of the station's officers. One poor fellow who was far beyond the reach of "Sylvester's Methods" when he was brought in, had parted with the world with a joke—not a very good one; but the man who could make it might perhaps have been expected to jest a little longer living, even if



THE WORK OF RESCUE AT WATERLOO

"Now, then, look sharp, lads!"



A CAPTURE

he could not see with the author of *Hudibras* that

Life's a Jest and all things show it.

When his body was brought in a pair of dumb-bells were found in the coat pockets, and a piece of paper scrawled with :

"Dear Bob,—I am going to drown myself. You will find me somewhere near Somerset House. I can't part with my old friends, Bob, so I'm going to take them with me. Good-bye!"

The "old friends" were the weighty dumb-bells which drowned him; and there is a very obvious allegory in the name he bestows upon them. Many of the suicides show some amount of deliberation—pockets filled with stones, with lead, with iron—but never one, like poor Gerard Eliassoen in "The Cloister and the Hearth," with pockets filled with coppers. The suicides are too poor for that. One

woman was found with a summons in her pocket, which was put down as the cause of her resolve. Another was found with the hands tied together with a silk handkerchief—a love token afterwards identified. Perhaps the strangest case was that of Alice Blanche Oswald. Before committing suicide she had written letters to herself purporting to come from wealthy people in America, and setting forth a most heartrending history. Her death made a public sensation, and the story in her letters aroused a vast amount of sympathy. A monument to her memory was proposed, but before it could be erected it was discovered that the story in her letters was altogether untrue, and the life of the poor adventuress by no means of the kind which anyone would care to set down in an autobiography. But there is a good deal that is pitiful in this instance of human vanity strong in death.



"THE ALERT"

The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

VII.—THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT

CHAPTER I.

"**M**ONSIEUR, the proofs, the proofs are before you to witness if I lie. Ah, would that I could make use of them myself!"

"Which means that you dare not do so?" Felix Gryde asked.

The volatile little Frenchman opposite grinned uneasily. Jules Falbe was by no means a bad-looking man; he had a good address, a cultivated accent, and there, to a trained eye like Gryde's, the suggestion of *forçat* was unmistakable.

For the present Gryde occupied a handsome set of chambers in one of the most fashionable quarters of Lutetia, which, as everybody knows, is the capital of Gallic Federated States Republic. Business of a delicate nature had brought him there; something new and audacious was to be carried out, and Gryde was now engaged in placing the keystone on the tip of the edifice. A chance word, an obscure newspaper paragraph, had given him the germ of an idea for a magnificent fraud.

With his own marvellous intellect, his superhuman skill and patience, he had unravelled the threads. Months of time and thousands in money had been expended. Every card was in Gryde's hands at length.

In the Bois beneath the stream of gaiety and fashion flowed on. Not for a quarter of a century had Lutetia presented so brilliant a spectacle. For it was the year of the colossal Exhibition, the finest the world had ever seen, which was to be opened in a week or two by the President of the Republic. At a moderate estimate, over a million wealthy strangers were in Lutetia.

Gryde crossed from the window with a smile. From head to foot he was attired in faultless black; a riband of some order was in his button-hole. His sallow face and thick, dark moustache were in keeping with the rest. He might have been a soldier of fortune or of finance, a military attaché—anything of that kind. A good many people wondered who the Chevalier Lorraine was, and what he was doing here in Lutetia.

"Why don't you try President Granville yourself?" he asked.

"Because I dare not," Falbe snarled; "I have a past, Chevalier, which is not —"

"Not altogether unconnected with Toulon. Go on."

"And who has told the Chevalier that?"

"Never mind, you are a returned convict. It is many years ago, and since then you have never been in trouble. Who is any the wiser?"

Falbe dashed his fist passionately on the table.

"The police are," he hissed. "You forget the *dossier*. Ah! that accursed system; with its photographs and its measurements, and its infernal biography, there is no escape. And Granville is no better than myself."

"Most of us are guilty of indiscretions at some time or another," Gryde said soothingly. "The President, it seems from your proofs, is a kind of Gallic Prince Hal up-to-date. You say he ought to have suffered with you!"

"*Ma foi*, yes. That is five-and-twenty years ago. I was the catspaw and he

escaped. Then he got himself conveniently drowned under his proper name, and reappeared three years later under a new description. When I came to Lutetia a year ago and saw him, I was astounded. I recognised him at once. Then I contrived to let him know that I was aware, and he was not fearful. He could crush me. Guess why?"

"Because you did not serve out your sentence at Toulon, but escaped."

"You have guessed it. You are a marvellous man. I am liable, therefore, to serve the rest of my sentence if I am discovered. And I had not then the proofs which I have placed in your hands. And why you come to me and proclaim the fact that you have probed my history, I know not."

Gryde's face expressed the most engaging frankness.

"I will tell you," he said. "Accident gave me the clue. The rest is merely a game of financial chess. You have the board and the position, but you do not possess the requisite strength to play a cunning game—I *do*. You are a poor man in needy circumstances, you have an idea which might be put to practical results in America if you only had the money. Therefore I am going to give you fifty thousand francs for your papers, and you leave for America without delay."

Falbe shrugged his shoulders.

"I am entirely in your hands," he said.

"Of course you are," Gryde replied coolly. "I have taken uncommonly good care of that. And I offer you your own price. Here is your passage money, and you are to depart at once. You will cross over to England and proceed to Liverpool, taking passage from there by the *Lucania* to New York next Thursday. Before sailing you will send me a telegram. Once arrived in New York, you can go to the National Bank and present this letter of credit, and procure cash in exchange."

Jules Falbe departed, well satisfied with his transaction. For the next day or two Gryde had nothing to do but to sit down and await developments. Faithfully as promised, Falbe sent the tele-

gram. With a sigh of satisfaction, Gryde put on his hat and went out.

Gay and bustling with excitement as Lutetia was, evidently there was something more than usual in the air. During the last day or two the city had stirred to a new sensation. Something fresh and startling was coming; they knew not what.

A few hours before, and there had been no sign of this mysterious advent. Now every blank wall and hoarding teemed with the first breath of the mystery. Thousands of huge posters stared Lutetia in the face; posters so huge and so daringly original that they were the passing sensation of the hour.

These mammoth bills were circular in shape, a dead black on a white border. In the centre of the murky desert was a white, shapely hand pointing to the single word *Éras*. There was absolutely nothing more.

Try as they could, curious Lutetians could learn nothing further. Was it a new pill, a patent soap, something fresh in the way of a sauce? Not a soul had seen the bills posted, none knew from whence they had come.

Gryde smiled to himself as he passed poster after poster, each surrounded by a gaping crowd. He was on his way to the Place de l'Europe, which, as most people are aware, is close to the Bourse, and a quarter where the brokers and underwriters most do congregate. Here Gryde presently entered an office, and was shown in to the head of the firm.

"I am Chevalier Lorraine," Gryde said simply.

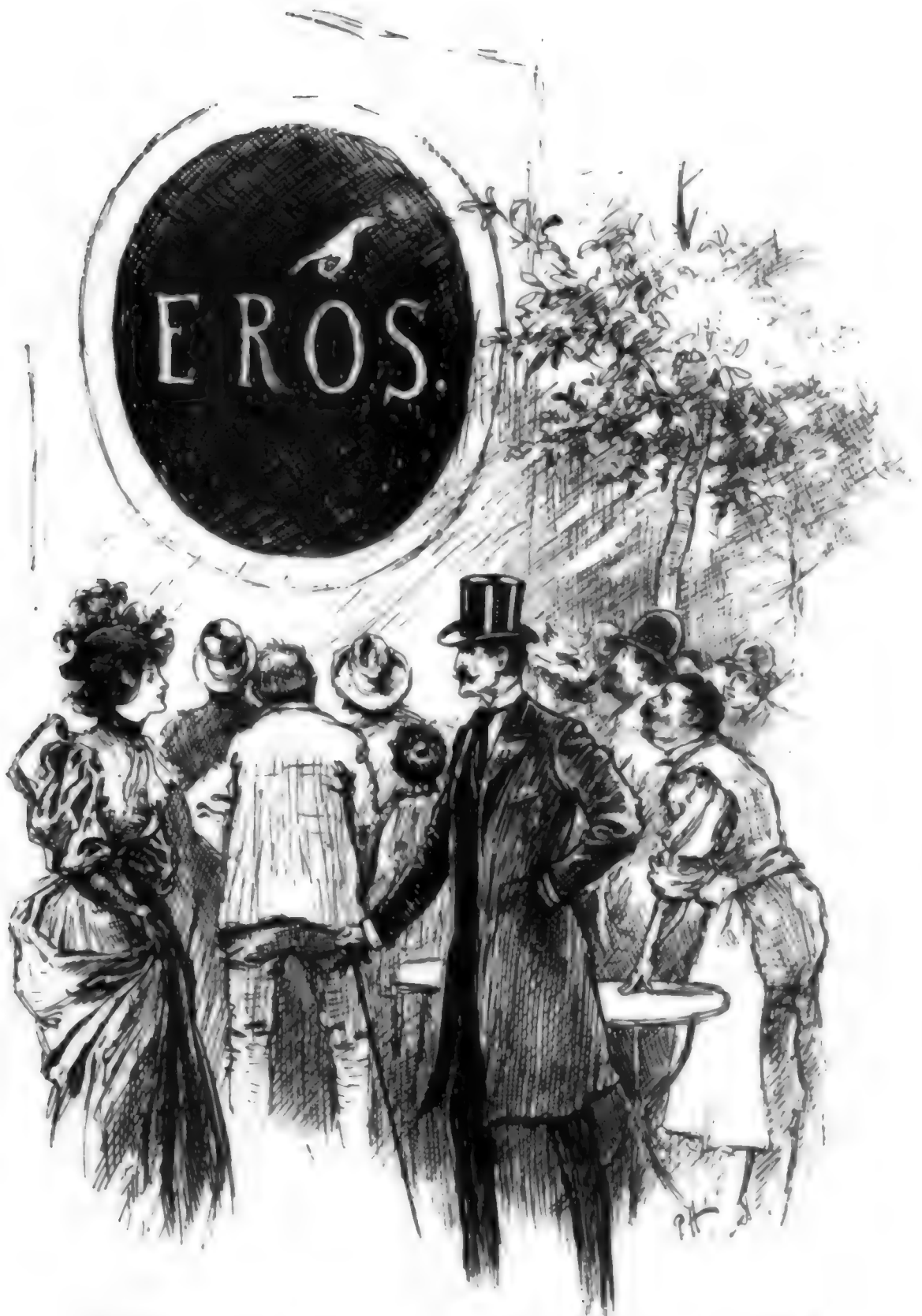
Monsieur Morence greeted his visitor cordially.

"O yes," he said, "I got your letter. As an underwriter, I am prepared to take up anything. You wish to insure something, I understand."

"I do," Gryde responded. "I am desirous of insuring the life of President Granville."

"Surely a most singular request."

"Not at all, M'sieur Morence. The head of the State has been frequently insured in England. Take the Diamond Jubilee, for instance. I have a great scheme on at present, what, if anything



"POSTER AFTER POSTER, EACH SURROUNDED BY A CROWD"

happened to the President, could ruin me. If you do not care to undertake the business, I can get it done in England."

"O, I will undertake it, of course. After all, it is legitimate trade. The premium in such cases is six per cent. In what amount would you——"

"Three million francs."

"The Chevalier must assuredly be joking!"

"The Chevalier is doing nothing of the kind," Gryde responded drily. "I understand in big risks like this you gentlemen insure one another."

"You are going to run an exhibition of your own," Morence suggested, smilingly.

"You have guessed it exactly," said Gryde. "Like most people, you have seen and shared in the excitement created by those *Eros* posters. Let me tell you that I am responsible for them, and that *Eros* will be the most extraordinary and unique entertainment ever seen. I should not wonder if it dwarfed the Exhibition entirely. Millions of people will witness that amazing spectacle. To prepare it has cost me a fortune. To-day I have taken the Imperial Theatre for three months. A fortune is in my grasp, but if anything happens to the President I am a ruined man. Lutetia would be a city of mourning for months, you understand."

Morence nodded thoughtfully. Gryde's position was perfectly logical.

"I will undertake the business," he said, "and if you will call later in the day the contract will be ready. It is, of course, a cash transaction."

"Naturally," Gryde said curtly, "and if misfortune comes my money must be paid on the nail. By the time I have given you a cheque for the premium I shall have barely enough to last till *Eros* bursts upon a startled world."

The man of money hastened to reassure Gryde on this point. Later in the day the big cheque was paid over and the policy taken up.

* * *

It was nearly midnight; the President had had a long trying day but he had

not yet retired, he being the only person up in the house. A cigarette half smoked had burnt out between his fingers; he pulled the long grey moustache as he restlessly paced the room. The usually placid features were given over to anxiety and care.

"Why doesn't the fellow come?" he muttered.

A few minutes later and an electric bell thrilled softly. Granville crossed the wide marble hall and flung open the door. The light streamed upon the scathe features and black muzzle of Chevalier Lorraine.

"I am late, your Excellency," said the latter.

"Devilish late," muttered the President. "Come in! come in!"

Gryde followed his distinguished host into the magnificent dining-room, taking care to close the door behind him. Without waiting for an invitation he flung himself down in a chair and faced the anxious statesman.

"You know why I am here?" he asked.

"It would be absurd to deny it," Granville said, huskily. "Reading between the lines of your letter it is easy to see that you are possessed of the one shameful secret of my life. With such proofs as you possess, a single card, and my social and political career is ended. There is one other man, but—pshaw!—he dare not speak. Your proofs, sir."

Gryde laid a packet of papers on the table.

"These are copies," he said. "For obvious reasons I have left the originals in a place of safety. Will you see that they are all as represented?"

For half an hour the President read on in silence. His lips quivered, a grey-ness like the hue of death lay upon his features.

"I yield," he said; "you have me in the hollow of your hand. Your price?"

"You quite mistake me," Gryde said, gravely. "I don't want any money at all. Does your Excellency mind my speaking plainly?"

"Not at all. You may be as explicit as you please."

"Thank you. In the first place I know a great deal more about you than

you imagine. Beyond the secret of those papers I have proved others. Beyond your official salary your means are limited; and yet, never since the Empire, has the presidential state been kept up with such regal magnificence.

protest, because my proofs are absolute and conclusive."

"You are the devil," the President groaned.

"A poor devil," Gryde said, with sardonic pleasantry. "But let me hasten



"SUDDEEN DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT!"

Trembling from day to day upon the verge of ruin, you have had resource to speculation. In your position, with the exclusive information at your command, you could hardly lose. You are on a great venture now, which, when it is ripe a few weeks hence, will mean millions of money to you. Do not

to assure you that I shall do you no harm whatever. My silence will have to be purchased, but not with money. I have great issues at stake, and it is for you to say whether or not they shall be carried out successfully. You can help me."

"At the loss of all I hold dear, I suppose?"

"At the loss of nothing whatever. There is absolutely no risk of any description. Into the bargain you will get eight days' holiday. That you are a man of wonderful courage and resolution the past has proved. Are you agreed?"

"Yes, yes. Only tell me all and end this awful suspense."

Gryde crossed over, and for ten minutes whispered rapidly in the President's ear. Amazement and incredulity struggled for mastery on the latter's face, and yet at the same time he seemed to be more than half convinced.

"Did anyone ever hear of anything so mad-brained outside the realm of farce," he cried, "and yet it seems to me that safety lies that way."

"The thing is absolutely safe," said Gryde. "You will guess that I shall profit by the comedy; indeed, I have worked it all out to a nicety. Afterwards I pledge my word to trouble you no more. As to the drug, I had the same direct from one of those wonderful old Indian fakirs. I did not take his word for it, but tried it on myself with perfect results."

"And for eight days——"

"The stuff did all that was claimed for it. Within four-and-twenty hours you will have ample time to carry out the line of action I have foreshadowed, you can leave behind you all the directions you desire, and when the psychological moment arrives, somebody will be there to give the alarm and call for assistance."

"Somebody you can rely upon, I sincerely trust?"

"Assuredly," Gryde responded drily, "seeing that I can trust myself."

The President rose to his feet. The old light of the battle sparkled in his eyes. He reached out for Gryde's hand and grasped it warmly.

"It shall be done," he said, "and the sooner the better. I will see that those papers are drawn up to-morrow, and at the same hour you shall come here with the——"

Gryde nodded. He perfectly understood. Then he rose to go. As he passed along the now deserted moonlit streets in the direction of his chambers he passed several of the now famous *Eros* posters. There was a peculiar smile on his face.

"Artistic," he muttered, "and represent a hundred thousand per cent. each. No picture-dealer ever made such a profit before."

Late the next night, when the door had once more closed upon Felix Gryde, the President of the Gallic Federated States retired slowly to his room. Once undressed, he took from a pocket a tiny phial, the cork of which he drew. Then he proceeded to make a hollow on the huge fire glowing in the grate. His knees knocked together, but his face was stern and resolute. Throwing back his head he poured the contents of the phial into his mouth, dropped the bottle into the heart of the ruddy core and beat the coals down. With a spring he leapt into bed, at the same time swallowing down the tasteless fluid. Immediately a cold shiver ran through every limb.

"Great God!" Granville cried, "I'm—I'm dying. That rascal has——"

His teeth snapped together like a pistol shot. A flash of lightning seemed to strike him between the eyes, and the rest was silence.

CHAPTER II.

LUTETIA woke the next morning to the glad consciousness of a perfect day. A great review was to be held in one of the parks; the President would be present, and Lutetia had made up her mind to make the day one of pleasure.

By eleven o'clock the cafés and restaurants along the principal boulevards

were crowded. Care and trouble had been beaten off for the present; gaiety sparkled from thousands of bright eyes.

Then, apparently as if by magic, everything changed.

An uneasy rumour ran through the crowd. Something fateful had happened. In some vague way the name of the

President had found vent from trembling lips. An army of newsboys came charging along, rending the air with raucous cries.

"Death of the President! Sudden death of the President! Full details."

A charge was made for the papers. In the struggle in front of the Café Globe Gryde got one. With less curiosity than the rest he perused it.

SUDDEN DEMISE OF PRESIDENT GRAN- VILLE.

THE PRESIDENT IS FOUND DEAD
IN HIS BED THIS MORNING.
HEART DISEASE THE CAUSE.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret and the most profound sorrow that we have to announce the appallingly sudden death of his Excellency the President. All we can glean up to the present is that when Maurice, his Excellency's valet, went to call his illustrious master this morning at seven, he was overwhelmed to find that the head of the Republic had passed away peacefully in his sleep.

Later details to hand point to the fact that signs of the end were not wanting. We hear that his Excellency has had one or two alarming fainting fits lately, followed by a coma very like death itself. Further particulars will be given in the next edition.

In the twinkling of an eye Lutetia had been plunged into mourning. By nightfall the better informed papers had obtained all information. They even made known extracts from the late ruler's will which had been found, signed only the previous day, in his bed-chamber. The President, it appeared, had a morbid horror of being buried alive. His instructions gave orders for a pierced coffin closed but not screwed down, and also that he should be buried in the vault purchased by him some time

before. It was a little singular, said the papers, that death should so speedily have followed upon the penning of the gruesome orders.

Gryde followed every line of these details carefully. On every side signs of



"A TYPICAL LUTETIAN RAG-PICKER"

grief and woe were to be seen. As a spectacle the funeral of President Granville was likely to become a record amongst pageants of the kind.

As might naturally have been expected, the tragic event practically ended, for the

time being at least, the Exhibition festivities. From a commercial point of view it meant ruin to many of the leading shopkeepers. Many establishments closed altogether, the theatres were deserted, and the Exhibition grounds presented the most dreary spectacle. As for the *Eros* excitement, it seemed to have passed from the public mind like a dream.

And yet Gryde did not appear to be in the least cast down. It suited him exactly that the thing should be forgotten. As a spectator he attended the funeral of the late President—perhaps the only one in the vast crowd who viewed the pomp and ceremony with feelings of equanimity.

On the morrow shops were opened again, and business of a kind resumed. But there were plenty of signs to denote the fact that the great Exhibition year was doomed to be a ghastly failure.

Gryde lost no time in waiting upon Morence. He found the latter gloomily drawing skeletons on his blotting-pad. Nothing was doing; the exchanges were deserted. The disaster amounted to a financial Sedan.

"I have been expecting you," Morence said, with a sigh.

"Naturally," Gryde responded drily. "I presume that on Saturday morning my little matter will be settled."

"O, yes; the terms of the policy will be faithfully carried out. I shall have to see one or two of my partners. As you are aware, nobody would take such a risk alone. You have hit a dozen or so of us heavily."

"The fortune of war," Gryde responded.

"O, I am not complaining. I suppose Lutetia is not likely to see anything of your wonderful show when you have this money."

Gryde puffed at his cigarette thoughtfully.

"Well, I am not so sure of that," he responded. "You people are exceedingly volatile, and you may shake this off in a few days. Anyway, I can afford to wait here a few weeks and see *now*. My entertainment is not going to be produced anywhere in anything but a gala season."

"I suppose you won't mind giving self and partners an order?"

Gryde duly responded to the sardonic humour, and departed. Punctual to the moment, he turned up on the Saturday and took his heavy cheque with the air of a man who habitually handles millions.

No sooner was the same received than it was paid into an account opened elsewhere in the name of Chevalier Lorraine, and thence depleted by cheques payable in various capitals of Europe. By the time the cheques were all manipulated, it would have been impossible to trace a tithe of the money. This being so, it might be assumed that Gryde had finished, and that this apparent stroke of luck would have sufficed for the present adventure.

But there were several things to be accomplished yet. Sunday dawned bright and fine, with some little sign of life in Lutetia and a semblance of subdued gaiety on the boulevards. Gryde saw nothing of this, for during the whole of the afternoon and far into the evening he was busy writing.

By this time night had fallen. The house was strangely quiet, as indeed it might have been, since Gryde had got rid of all the servants under one pretext or another. He threw his pen away with a feeling of satisfaction.

"And now," he said gaily, "now to put money into the purse of the world of journalism. Upon my word, the gentlemen of the press ought to be profoundly grateful to me. But out of all the sensations I have given them, I doubt if any one of them can come near to the drama about to be performed to-night."

Gryde proceeded to lock the door. Then he took from a safe the materials for a picturesque, if somewhat forbidding disguise. A little later there slipped out into the street a typical Lutetian rag-picker. Thus attired, Gryde took his way rapidly in the direction of the Maratan cemetery. Once there, he proceeded to make his stand by the vault covering the remains of President Granville. The grass was trampled down around, a pile of fading flowers graced

the granite. The iron grating had not yet been bricked up.

Nobody was in sight. Gryde bent down and listened intently. Then the rigid anxiety of his lips changed. A moment later and there rang out across the marbled silence a scream of horror and agony.

drop a flower, and I heard knocking. Listen!"

One braver than the rest was first to recover himself. Crowbars and picks were procured, and the vault forced open. After a little natural hesitation the lid of the coffin also was forced from its fastenings. As it fell away there was a



"A SINEWY, NERVOUS HAND TORE BANDAGES AWAY LIKE PAPER"

Footsteps came towards Gryde; out of the gloom loomed a keeper or two, and the stiff rigidity of a couple of *gens d'arme*. They gripped the mendicant rudely.

"Are you mad, fellow?" one of them demanded.

"No, no!" said Gryde, hoarsely, "there is someone in the vault. I came here to

whirl of something white and diaphanous, a sinewy, nervous hand tore bandages away like paper, and then, with a yell of horror, a ghostly figure darted up the steps.

"Frightened to death," Gryde muttered, "fearful lest I should forget him. And a few hours of that would try even me. But he'll be all right presently."

Alone Gryde left the corner of the dead. To discard his disguise that fitted him like a skin over the rest of his garments was easy. From a distant street came a roar and a yell that baffled description. In the midst of a dense throng, a figure in uniform, a General of Division and member of the Cabinet, had grappled with a lunatic who seemed to have escaped from the tomb. The meeting was purely a chance one. Then, as they panted for breath, their eyes met.

General Perry gave a scream: agony, fear, rung in the notes.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "am I mad, or dreaming? It is the President."

The words were taken up on every side. Granville fell into the arms of his colleague.

"Get me away from here and into the light," he said; "let me have light for the love of God, and save my reason. I have been buried alive. I would not go through the last few hours for Paradise itself."

• • • • •

Whatever was the meaning of the mystery, President Granville told nobody. Of that strange sleeping potion

producing the coma of death he said nothing. For a whole week the drama rang from one side of the spheres to the other. And yet, strange to say, the *doux ex machina*, the ragpicker, was not to be found. Neither was Chevalier Lorraine, and to this day Lutetia knows not *Eros*.

Morence alone was puzzled. That astute financier had never been so bewildered in his life. It was Lorraine's bounden duty to refund that money, and no legal steps were spared to bring him to justice. But the police have not found him yet, nor are they likely to do so. That he had been made the victim of some marvellous swindle Morence felt certain. And yet to explain it.

"Three million francs," he moaned when the truth dawned upon him. "That rascal must have known something. And yet, to carry it out so successfully the President would have had to have been party to the conspiracy — which, when one comes to think of it, is ridiculous."

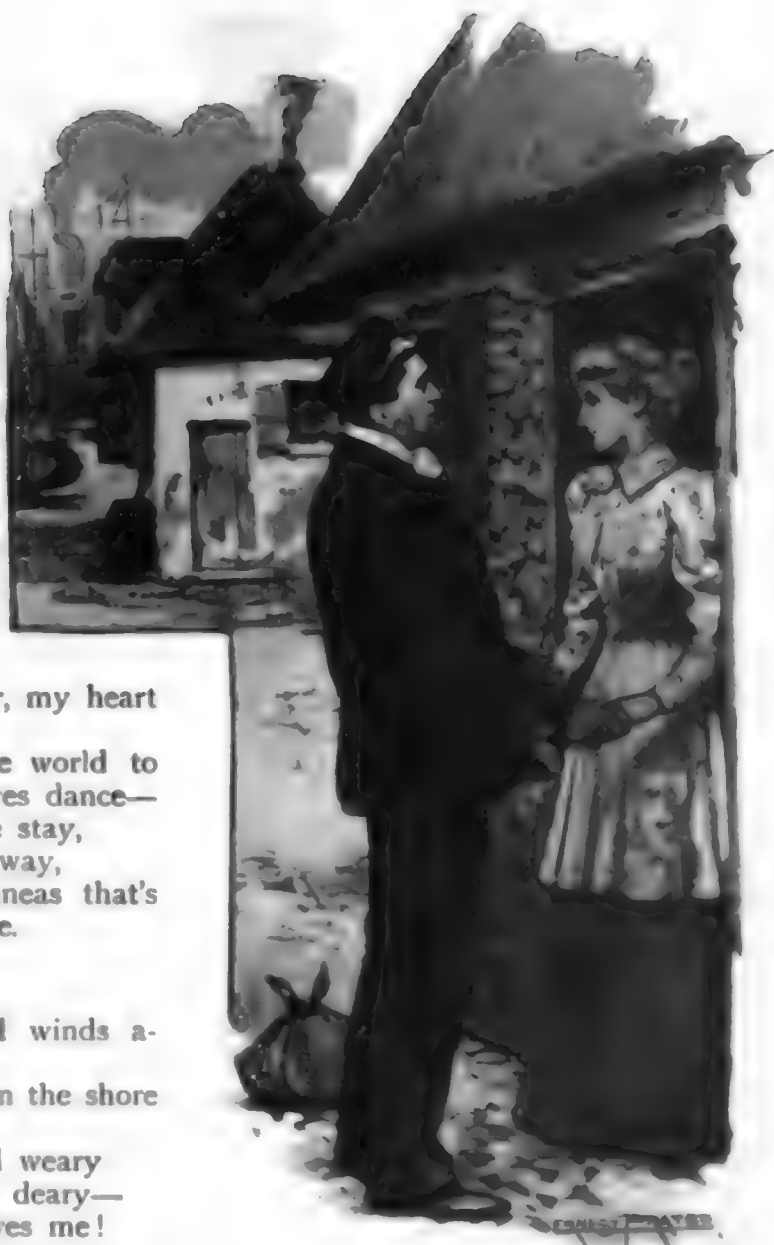
And, meanwhile, Felix Gryde was still in Lutetia, and on two occasions heard the puzzled financier relate his grievous transaction across the walnuts and the wine.



Cold

Winds

WRITTEN BY
EDWARD F. STRANGE



O, I said to my lass—Dear, my heart
is full of smiles for you,
And the best thing in the world to
see is when your grey eyes dance—
If you'll only bid me stay,
Why, I'll never go away,
Not for all the golden guineas that's
in England and in France.

Chorus:

But 'tis cold winds, cold winds a-
blowing,
Cold winds a-blowing from the shore
to the sea—
And, O, I'm sad and weary
All a-waiting for my deary—
A-waiting till my lass loves me!

Then I said to my lass — Dear, I've
brought a bonny silken gown
All the way from China home, across
the Indian seas.
And I wish 'twas for a bride,
And that I was by your side,
With the wedding bells a-ringing out
upon the summer breeze.

Chorus:

Yet 'tis cold winds, cold winds a-
blowing,
Cold winds a-blowing from the shore
to the sea—
And, O, I'm sad and weary
All a-waiting for my deary—
A-waiting till my lass loves me!

So said I to my lass — Dear, I'm no-
thing but a sailor-man
That's knocked about the sea in ships
for years before the mast—
And it may be that it's true,
I'm not good enough for you—
Still, here's a hand to help you all
your life until the last.

Chorus:

Still it's cold winds, cold winds a-
blowing,
Cold winds a-blowing from the shore
to the sea—
And, O, I'm sad and weary
All a-waiting for my deary—
A-waiting till my love loves me!

CHILD MODELS.



WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE LUDGATE" BY LALLIE GARET CHARLES

THE artists' colony of the Quartier Latin, with its inconsequent life of the studios, has come to be regarded as an Eldorado of story-writers in search of a subject. Its

ality of English people are consequently much better acquainted with the artist-life of Paris than they are with that of their own capital. The palatial studios of the more famous of our painters are familiar to all readers of periodical literature, but of the dwellers in the innumerable studios with which St.



students, its models, its loves, its tragedies and its comedies have fascinated more than one able pen, and the gener-

John's Wood, Kensington and Chelsea are honeycombed, they are for the most part ignorant.



and arms—brings a livelihood. In many cases these models begin to sit when they are children, and the younger the age at which a child takes to this occupation the better model it becomes, since it learns the difficult art of keeping still and maintaining any pose for long periods together.

The articles in the "Cry of the Children" series which we have published lately have been received with great interest; but it has seemed well to interrupt that series now that Christmas is upon us, and to give, instead of the article held over, an account of some children who—as our illustrations surely demonstrate—are happy in the work that makes a living.



But if the life of the London artist lacks that peculiar charm which attaches to the period of Parisian training, it is no less interesting to his lay brethren, since his environment lacks the conventionality which is the keynote of ordinary existence, and a Du Maurier could find ample material in the suburbs most affected by painters for another "Trilby."

Models are essential to the work of all artists, and in London there is a large class of men and women who earn their living solely by posing in studios. They are of all descriptions, old, young and middle-aged—some whose faces are their only recommendation, some whose figures are better than their faces, and some, again, to whom a single physical perfection—such as a fine bust or torso, or good neck

These child-models are chiefly girls, and many are either the daughters or sisters of old models, whose knowledge of the studios is instrumental in obtain-



when out of work, should make a periodical round of visits to the studios. An elder girl will take a small sister, or a mother will take a child who is too young to be trusted in the streets alone, and sometimes the children will go

about in batches of two or three visiting a large number of studios, perhaps without any success for their whole day's tramping, and always with the same question: "Do you want a model to-day?" If the artist does not paint children they are summarily dismissed, but should a child be pretty or in any way answer the require-

ments of a work on hand or in prospective, she may be given a sitting on the spot, or her name and address is taken and an appointment made at the painter's convenience. Very often the appearance of a child will suggest a subject to an artist, and sometimes a particular hat or article of dress will

lead him to engage her. A pretty child is practically certain of con-

ing sittings for them. They are of all ages, varying from the child of two to the girl of fifteen and, as a rule, are happy little souls, who prattle gaily to their employers when their first shyness has worn off. Some take an intelligent pride in the progress of the picture for which they are sitting, speedily learning to appreciate any good fortune that falls in their way in the shape of being engaged by a prominent artist. Such an engagement at once bespeaks their superiority over other child-models, and the price for their services is naturally raised by their mothers or sisters. Nearly every artist has a list of models, but it is a recognised custom that these professional sitters,



tinuous work, and some of the most popular child-models have been noticed by artists in the streets and allowed to sit by parents to whom such an occupation had never suggested itself. But as a rule this professional sitting runs in families, and when one child has had a success, one by one the others are taken to the studios, and occasionally as many as five and six small folk are adding to the incomes of their parents by more or less continuous sitting.

When once the trick of posing is learnt the work is of the lightest, and children quickly grow to like it for its own sake. The length of these sittings varies from an hour to a day,

but as a rule no child-model sits for more than half an hour at a stretch, and even for shorter periods

if the position is at all strained, without a few minutes' rest. Models have

their fixed charges per hour, but with children it is generally a matter of arrangement, although a shilling an hour may be taken as the average amount they earn, with a reduction for the day or a long series of sittings. When a mother or elder sister brings the child and remains in the studio during the posing this is the sum paid, and nine artists out of ten give the full amount when they require a child-model to pose for



the nude. Some mothers object to their children sitting "mid nodings on," but when the child is intended to become a professional model they wisely see that the earlier she begins to lose her self-consciousness, the better model she is likely to become.

A beginner does not, of course, receive the same rate of payment as a more experienced child, since the artist has

reward. Some children are unmanageable, and fall into little tricks of movement and restlessness which they never lose, and consequently unless they are more than ordinarily pretty there is no demand for their services. Others, however, and these form the larger majority, in time are able to sit almost immovable without fatigue. To expect little ones of two or three years old to sit still



practically to instruct her, and the first sittings are neither happy for the painter nor for the child, whose limbs, unaccustomed to restraint, speedily become stiff and cramped. The younger the child the more difficult it is to persuade it to keep any semblance of stillness, but a little model of average intelligence quickly learns what is required of her, and an exercise of patience on the part of the artist generally has its ultimate

would be to expect the impossible, and artists, as a rule, let them amuse themselves how they will, the absolute naturalness of the positions into which they fall as they crawl about the floor or toddle from one chair to another being generally the reason for which they are engaged.

Winter and early spring are the most profitable seasons for child-models, many artists leaving town soon after the



exhibitions open to paint in the country during the summer. During August and September they have practically nothing to do, but so soon as the artists begin to return then the little sitters are busy, the better ones generally being certain of at least two whole days' work a week, given here and there in hours or by the day. Nothing is more irregular than the artist's profession, and models suffer as much as the painters from the prevailing uncertainty; therefore it is quite impossible to say what are the average hours a week during which the children sit, as they depend so entirely upon circumstances. Men who have

been working all the summer through in the country frequently return to town in the autumn with a series of sketches in which child figures are needed for their completion. Country children do not make satisfactory models, being described by one well-known painter of child-life as "stupid, inattentive, and incapable of going into poses," and as a consequence the little London models reap the benefit when the artist returns to his studio.

An easier or a more pleasant way for a child to earn money could not be desired, and quite apart from the monetary view of the question—which is generally most important so far as the parents are concerned—this posing has a good effect upon the children, as it teaches them to be clean and tidy. A dirty or unkempt child has little



chance of obtaining employment, and as soon as the little models understand that their work and earnings depend entirely upon their appearance, they begin to take a pride in being as well dressed and neat as they possibly can.

Some painters have child-models whom they employ exclusively, and, as in the case of the late Sir John Millais, if the pictures for which these little ones sit become popular, the face of a little

to the picture to the end of her model days. Occasionally an older girl will airily announce that she has sat to a noted Academician who has never painted a child in his life; but as they consider that their value to a picture is enhanced if they rattle off a string of better-known artists as having employed them, these statements are generally accepted with necessary reservations. Lists of child-models are kept at the



humble girl is spread broadcast over the country in reproductive prints of every kind. These small models take a proprietary pride in the success of the pictures for which they sit, and when seeking new work will say: "I am so-and-so," or, "I sat for the head in such-and-such a picture," with a view to highly recommending themselves. One little girl of ten who sat for a picture which was bought by a large soap-making firm, advertised the fact so widely and with such emphasis that she will be called by the name given

Royal Academy schools and by several of the larger colour-shops, so that artists are not entirely dependent upon the continuous stream of callers at their studio doors, some of whom are *anathema maranatha* through their borrowing propensities or because they cannot be relied upon to keep appointments, and these lists practically carry with them a strong recommendation. An artist in search of a model will perhaps see more than a hundred children before he finds exactly what he wants, and often has to make use of several, taking the head from one,

a feature from another, arms here, figure there, to produce the effect he desires. It is a happy life that the child-model leads, and it would be difficult to find a healthier or cleaner-looking set of small people than those who every year figure upon canvases in every picture exhibition from the Academy downwards. After considering the woes of the child-worker in the East, it is pleasant to turn for awhile to these other children who make their bread by labour which is a distinct pleasure to them. Our illustrations, in which artists will recognise some of the best of the child-models of London, should serve to prove that they find their work a delight. Next month, unhappily, it will be necessary to return to those others whose work is a shameful

enslavement, which renders the present a time of misery and robs the future of all hope. It would be pleasant were one able to think that the facts already disclosed in previous numbers, and widely commented on in the press, had borne some fruit of action. You have read a tale of happy children, and looked on the pictures of happy faces. The child-slaves of the East End can never charm you with their beauty, but they are just as capable as others of a temporary happiness. To confer that should be a privilege eagerly coveted, and it is one that the individual may compass, though, of course, the state of affairs that makes their joys so brief-lived and so precarious can only be altered by the resolute action of society as a body.



"ABANDONED"

From the picture by Deschamps in the Luxembourg



STUFF— AND NONSENSE

BY
CLARENCE
ROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIME

ARE you armigerous? Or are you, while thinking yourself armigerous and acting as such, only bourgeois? If you are in the latter case you should be feeling a little uneasy. For a rude man, who signs himself "X" in the *Saturday Review*, has been poking his pen into your claims and pricking mercilessly the bubble of your pretension. Moreover, in the preliminary announcement of a new edition of *Armorial Families*, I read that discrimination is to be practised between good arms and bad. A good many people, it appears, have either annexed escutcheons to which they have no more right than I have to Windsor Castle, or else they have invented escutcheons for themselves. In the latter case, being unskilled in armorial lore, mere children in arms, so to speak, they have perpetrated heraldic absurdity. Though it must be very difficult to be really absurd in heraldry. The skilled herald cuts the ground from under your feet. However, the "bad arms" are to be severely discriminated by *Armorial Families*, and skewered upon the pungent pen of "X."

I am sorry—genuinely sorry—that "X" has thought it necessary to thrust his pen into the weak points of the parvenu's armour before time has rendered it impervious to his attacks. The

assumption of a coat of arms marks a turning-point in the life of the dishonest and successful business man. The City man who is rearing his fortune on the spoliation of widows' houses and fattening on the blood of the working man—which is a way they have in the City—does not bother about an escutcheon. It would be inconvenient. But there comes a time when the hollowness of fraud is borne in upon him. He longs for a nobler, purer life. So he determines to have no more to do with working men's blood or widows' houses, sells all that he has, invests the proceeds in some respect-



able security, and retires to commune with Nature in a desirable family mansion, with forty acres of park, in the country. It is then that he sits down

and devises his escutcheon; with no great heraldic knowledge, perhaps, but with the object of making a pretty picture. Yet it is in no spirit of levity



that he devises it. He is rather expressing the desire to have a good solid body of tradition behind him to support him in his new life, and tradition is a very sure foothold for conduct. When the dishonest financier, the swindling grocer, or the successful jerry-builder takes a coat of arms, he is, as it were, taking the pledge. Henceforth he means to be a gentleman. *Noblesse oblige* is his motto. And, for my own part, I am very glad.

But he is a snob? Well, of course he is, and that is so much to his credit. Thackeray has a great deal to answer for in that he made people ashamed of being snobs. The snob is really only the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* in the making. He is not a gentleman, so much is of his essence; but he is next door to one. He loves the highest when he sees it, and he shows his love by that sincerest form of flattery, imitation, and assumes the escutcheons of the highest. If we are not great writers ourselves, our second best course is to admire and strive to imitate the writers who are great, and the process itself may bring us within sight of our ideal. Similarly, the man who is obviously not a gentleman should not be discouraged when he shows signs of wanting to become one. He might want to be many worse things. You should be glad when you see a fat swindler

groping his way darkly towards nobility, for when the wicked begin to flourish like the green bay-tree, they can afford to be honest. And the man who, after a half-century of meanness and fraud, will pay an appreciable sum to the revenue in proof of his desire to be a real gentleman, should not be frowned down. He shall pay his money and take his choice of arms.

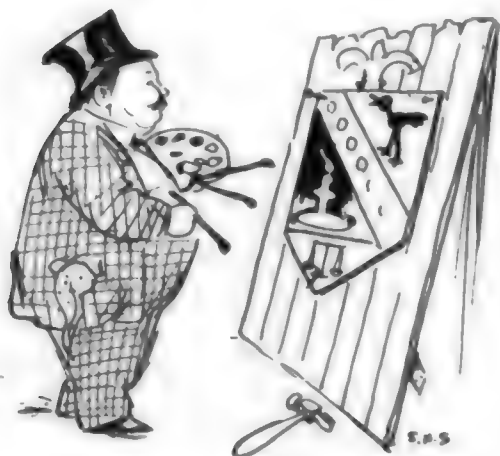
• • • • •

In fact, the writers on this question of the bearing of arms entirely miss the point. I have proved, I trust to your satisfaction, that the bearing of false arms is by no means to be deprecated. I am also willing to maintain that the bearing of real arms is a public nuisance, and should be punished accordingly. Scarcely a week passes but we hear of some ruffian who walks into a gunsmith's shop and buys a revolver, wherewith he presently blows out such brains as his fellow-



ruffian possesses. Moreover, being unskilled in revolver practice, he not unfrequently hits the wrong man, and you or I may at any time assume the position

—the recumbent position—of the wrong man. Now I would suggest—and you will find more stuff than nonsense in the suggestion—that the respectable alder-



man or the peaceable knight should be allowed to bear his false arms without payment, while the potential burglar or footpad should not be permitted to bear real arms without contributing a certain sum—it might be even a prohibitive sum—to the revenue. I put it to "X."

A friend of mine who prowls among bookshops has just told me that in a shop in the Strand he counted twelve new books, published this autumn, which purport to teach you various methods of character-reading and fortune-telling. You may read character in the palms, in the faces, in the cranial bumps, and in the handwriting of your friends. And if you want particulars of the future you are taught to tell your fortune by the stars, by the cards, by your moles, and even by your dreams. It is not quite clear why people should be allowed to make guineas by putting into print what a gipsy woman is punished for practising at a shilling. The reason, I suspect, is that people who can afford to buy dream books and manuals of astrology are supposed not to be deceived. Science has driven out superstition, and no one seriously sets himself to regulate his life by the advice of the fortune-teller. This may be so. In that case, why do character-readers

and fortune-tellers flourish so exceedingly?

The reason lies, I fancy, a little deeper below the surface. It lies in a certain dramatic instinct which we all have in greater or less degree, a desire to contemplate ourselves as playing a striking *role* in life. We are most of us quite ordinary, "terr'ble ornery," as they say in Kent. Nature is very economical of moulds, and turns out the majority of mankind machine-made to pattern. Most of us have no particular character, and no prospect of a distinguished career; and the reflection is an annoying one. We know that we must stay in the back row of the chorus when we would much rather be standing in the middle of the stage by the footlights. And this is where the phrenologist, the palmist, and the fortune-teller come in. If we have no character to speak of, they make one for us; if our career seems bounded by a city counting-house on the one side and lodgings at Brixton on the other,



that is nothing to them. They supply careers while you wait.

It is not necessary to assume that you really believe what they say. There are

many halting-places between belief and unbelief. When the phrenologist, waving his hands above your head, tells you that you show great organising capacity, and, in fact, bear a close resemblance to Napoleon I., you do not go off at once to the War Office and demand an army corps to play with. You go back to your office and add up figures. But you are a little happier than you were, for after all you may not be so ordinary as you seem. When a pretty girl strokes your hand, says she reads imagination in your palm, and hints that the world lost a poet when you took up the wholesale meat trade, you do not forthwith buy foolscap, take out a poetical licence and determine to live by your verses. But you are comforted; even if you do not believe in yourself, or in her, it is delightful to think that there is one person in the world who pretends to believe in you. Your self-respect is increased. And this is the true function, the real usefulness of the fortune-teller, the palmist and the phrenologist. You do not believe the cheiromance of the palmist, but you believe that she believes in you. Nearly every sensible man, by the time he reaches forty, is in danger of concluding—quite rightly—that he is merely a very "ornery cuss." And with the loss of belief in himself a man loses



the final working belief of an incredulous century. Here then is the antidote. Study astrology, encourage the palmist, listen to the reader of bumps and the enumerator of moles; or you are preparing for yourself a sad old age. That is, if you *are* a very ordinary man.





WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

II.—THE HYTHE TRAGEDY

MICHAEL had been with us over a year, and having completed his drills, had succeeded Hopkins as my servant, when the Adjutant suggested to me that I should go for the Hythe certificate.

"C company hardly know their rifles from their bayonets," said Earle, "and Trafford's too lazy to do any good. You'll never make a shot, but you've a clear head, and you'll soon pick up the theory of the thing. Besides, you're patient with the men, and they can follow your explanations better than the other fellows. Apply to be attached next spring. Sit down and write now."

At that time I still believed that alacrity and attention to one's duties were things pleasing to Pall Mall, and tending to improve one's chances in the long run for promotion; so I took the Adjutant's advice, and applied.

After a correspondence, lasting until the course was already some days gone, the requisite permission was given, and, taking Michael with me, I quitted Chatham—whither we had come from Ireland—to arrive at Hythe in the early morning of a squally February day. A

'bus, under guidance of a driver attired like the master of a Dundee whaler, jolted us down the hill to the School of Musketry square where subaltern's quarters had been allotted me. Hurriedly unpacking my kit, I donned it, and succeeding in reporting myself before the fated hour of ten, was set to work at once.

The weather was too bad for work out of doors, so we had only verbal instruction that day: most that was said I had already learned from our regimental instruction. The lecture began and ended in dulness, and I returned to my quarters no wiser than I had left them.

At night when I strolled into the ante-room before mess I nodded to a man who had borrowed a pencil from me during morning class; he stared back at me without recognition. I am always easily disconcerted, and I reddened at the slight put upon me, as I buried my head in some weekly paper. Many men who had rubbed shoulders with me in the forenoon, some pleasant looking fellows enough, passed near my corner; but I was too nervous to look at



"MASHAM CAUGHT UP A
CHESS-BOARD"

them. A cheery little subaltern of militia sat next me at mess, and it came as a revelation of all that is beautiful in social existence when he said to me:

"Didn't see you bicyclin' to-day. Do you never bicycle?"

I told him I never did, but that I should do so if he would teach me; an effusion with which I astonished myself, although he accepted it quite as a matter of course.

"All right," he said, "let's say half-past three to-morrow, back of the East Parade; I'll bring my machine, and if that doesn't suit you we'll look for one in the town."

We talked on, and he told me the names of the seventy-five men up for the course, now and then showing me the owners.

"Field officer for the day, chap with

bald head, is Murphy, of the 18th; the subaltern is Vesey, of the R.A., doing duty for Campion, of the Grenadiers."

"That's a Guard kit there, isn't it?" said I, indicating by a side glance the uniform of the gentleman who had so upset my equanimity.

"Yes, Bandon Masham, of the Oranges. You know—son of Garryhestie, the Irish peer who makes arctic voyages because people refuse to play cards with him. Awful person; he's in my firing squad, which will probably be yours, as I think we're the smallest. D'ye see another man at the cross table down below—a tall, sunburnt man—quite alone, much older looking than the others? Queer card, 's name's Behnke: comes from New South Wales. They say he was with the contingent in the Soudan, and did something very fine—but I don't

know what. Here he doesn't count for much, the fellows are always trying to get at him, particularly Masham's lot. I called him Australian Banks once in fun, and he was very angry until I told him I was on 'Change myself when at home, when he gave me a drink and said it didn't matter. I think his fault is he has no sense of humour, don't you know, and he's never bicycled once since he came, nearly a week ago. He's in our squad, too, and Masham and he are always squabbling. Raynham, the Captain-Instructor, caught them at it yesterday, and threatened to report to old Yoho if it happened again."

"Old Yoho" I had already learned to be the sobriquet bestowed on Major Yeovil, the Chief-Instructor, by the first generation of young ideas which he had taught how to shoot.

My new acquaintance explained to me the lack of fellowship among the men.

"Tisn't like a regimental mess, you see, where—unless a chap is a madman, a Methodist, or an out-and-outer—it's a point of honour to be civil to him. Here it's all 'I'm his Highness's dog, and who the blazes are you?'—so to speak. The Households look down on the cavalry, the cavalry on the line, the line on the gunners, the gunners on the sappers, the sappers on us fellows of the militia. But, bless you, we laugh up our sleeves at them all as snobs. As I reminded myself the other night, when Masham there puffed his cigar smoke into my claret, my grandfather, who was with William Havelock at Ramnugger, used to say: 'When purchase went out bad manners came in.' And you see the proof of it here, where every man thinks he may do as he likes."

The port and madeira had gone round three times, and the mess was emptying, ere Wilkinson, as my acquaintance was named, suggested a move to the ante-room.

As we passed into the corridor I noticed a little group of officers loitering near the lavatory door; among them I recognised Masham and Behnke standing almost face to face.

"We make men in New South Wales," said the Australian.

"Send us one sometime," answered Masham glibly.

"You might be sorry if I did."

"I'faith! How so?"

"He'd have less patience with your impertinence than I."

Masham's mouth twitched furiously as the Australian turned away, but no retort came. Behnke followed Wilkinson and myself into the ante-room. He gave Wilkinson a hand, and the latter introduced us. Wilkinson proposed whist, Behnke acquiesced, and dummy fell to my lot on the cut in. While I dealt Wilkinson ordered whiskies for himself and me. Behnke would not drink, saying brandy excited him, and he cared for nothing else.

He played whist badly, paying little attention to the game; and Wilkinson was no better, talking all the time. At the second round I scored a double. As I turned up the markers I noticed for the first time that Masham had entered the room and was standing close to our table, watching the game while he smoked. By imperceptible degrees he edged up to my elbow, and suddenly Behnke, who was on my right, dropped the cards he was dealing and struck him across the face with his open hand. I then saw that the Guardsman had brushed his cigar ash into my whisky.

Masham caught up a chess-board from a neighbouring table and flung it at Behnke; but it flew over his head and broke the glass of a photograph on the wall. Wilkinson and I threw ourselves between the two men, and Vesey, who was a broad-shouldered young fellow, caught Masham from behind and hustled him out at the door before the other occupants of the room had grasped what had happened.

"Don't give him away," said Vesey to Behnke, hurrying back in a few minutes. "He's tight to-night; apologise in the morning. Chichester's promised to look after him."

"Birds of a feather, he and Chichester," growled the Australian. "But you needn't fear I'll worry about him long as he don't come in my way."

This incident eliminated what litt'e

interest I had felt in the rubber and I was glad when, after another hand, it came to an end. Shortly after we left the mess-house, Wilkinson and Behnke living out of barracks and having some distance to go.

Entering my quarters I found Michael polishing the Martini served out to me in the morning. He tried to keep his face in the shadow, but I saw that he had an ugly bruise on his lower lip.

"What's that?" I asked, sternly, for I thought it a bad beginning.

"Nothing, sir; only a weeshy lick of a belt."

"You've been fighting?"

"No, sir; it was the chap with the belt fought, sir."

"Did a man make an unprovoked assault on you?"

"No, sir; but a Guard private found he was weaker than me and didn't like to give in to a linesman."

"A Guard private! What regiment?"

"I don't rightly know, sir. He had a thing like a grenade on his collar, but the facings were yellow."

"The Oranges," I said to myself; "and Masham's servant sure as fate. What were you doing when the assault took place?" I asked.

"Nothing, sir," said Michael, innocently.

"I was takin' a stroll by the canal."

"What was he doing, then?"

"Talking unmannerly to a young girl."

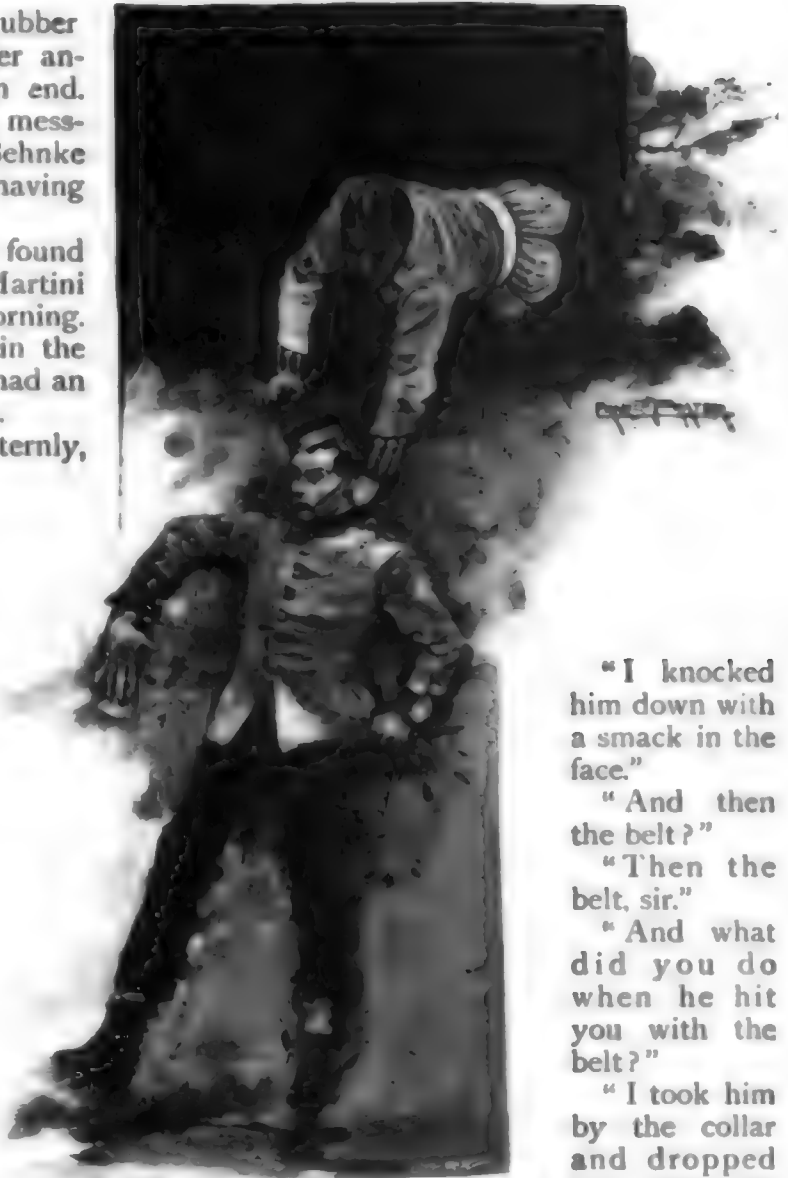
"And you interfered?"

"No, sir, I did not. I only said I'd break his head if I heard another word out of him."

"Humph! and did he then hit you with his belt?"

"No, sir, he rapped me over the cap with his cane."

"And you?"



"I TOOK HIM BY THE COLLAR AND DROPPED HIM DOWN THE CANAL."

"I knocked him down with a smack in the face."

"And then the belt?"

"Then the belt, sir."

"And what did you do when he hit you with the belt?"

"I took him by the collar and dropped him down the canal bank till his feet just

touched the water, and then I told him how we taught men manners in Muskerry."

"The girl made off while you were doing that, I suppose?"

"No, sir, she came and pulled my hair. But she was a feeble, poor creature, and I hardly felt it, I was that angry with the villain."

"What happened eventually?"

"When I thought I had made my point clear to the man I let him go."

"For which he thanked you, I suppose?"

"Maybe he did in his heart, sir," said Michael, with a broad smile, and made ready to take his departure.

A thought struck me. "Wasn't your landlord's name Garryhestie?"

The smile went out of Michael's eyes. "It was, sir," he said heavily.

"Did you know anything of his sons?"

"There was only one, sir, Mr. Bandon Masham. I know bad of him."

I was on the point of questioning him further when the reflection that I was behaving in a manner prejudicial to military discipline made me change the words to a sharp good-night.

"Is it 'Like master like man?'" I asked myself drowsily as I tugged off my dress boots. I was soon to know that it was.

Masham did not turn up next morning. "Knew he'd have a head," said Vesey charitably, but Wilkinson had already published his history of the fracas, and rage was put down as a more acceptable hypothesis.

In the afternoon I fulfilled my promise to Wilkinson and allowed myself to be taught bicycling. The fear of behaving ridiculously in public made me over-nervous, but Wilkinson reported progress at the end of the lesson. He predicted that in a week's time I should know all about it, which statement I demurred at but believed.

Masham paraded the following morning when we assembled on the ranges for target practice. He was the best shot in our squad, and it lessened my dislike of the fellow when I saw him handle his rifle. But the malicious pleasure on his face when Behnke, who had praised his shooting freely, by some blunder with his sights whizzed his first bullet far over the target, recalled the feeling of antipathy.

As we trudged off the range I said jokingly to the Australian: "You'd have a poor chance near the butts when Masham's potting at them."

"I should have none," answered Behnke grimly, and seeing that he believed what he said filled me with a vague premonition of evil.

I found Michael in my room. He was visibly agitated, and said while my door was yet open: "He's here, sir; he's here!"

"Who's here?" I asked.

"Bandon Masham. Mr. Masham, sir. Cromwell Masham, as Father Lynch called him."

Already uneasy, I was taken aback by the lad's vehemence. "Well, well; if Mr. Masham is here, what of that? What's that to you?"

"He blinded my sister."

"What did he do?" I asked, unable to grasp what I heard.

"He blinded her, sir, with the charge of his fowling-piece."

"O, come," I said. "An accident, a terrible deplorable accident, but——" Words would not help me: I felt dread entering my heart.

Michael shook his head. "I wouldn't lie to you, sir. Mr. Bandon Masham shot away my only sister's sight. He said it was an accident; she said so too. But now she's dead and her honour safe with God, I say it was no accident. I say that Masham lied; that——"

"No more!" I said, "no more!" and Michael, knowing why I stopped him, recovered his self-possession and was still.

I was still dazed from the shock of what I had heard when I joined Wilkinson for another bicycle lesson. The thing was ever rising to my lips, but I dared not mention it for fear of saying too much. I only remarked that Behnke should be on his guard against Masham, and Wilkinson expressed himself of the same opinion.

A big soldier passed us on the road accompanied by a pretty but slatternly young girl.

"Talk of the devil," said Wilkinson; "that's Masham's servant. Isn't he a bruiser? His master has taught him to scowl at everybody when he salutes."

The next two days passed without incident, but as we returned from bicycling on the third we met Vesey on the front. "Have you heard the news?" he said, and told us breathlessly that Masham had ridden his pony at Behnke on the canal bridge, and that the Australian had plucked him from the saddle and thrashed him with his own horse-whip.

"That finishes Master Masham," ventured Wilkinson; but to everyone's



"LYING STONE DEAD ON HIS FACE"

astonishment the Guardsman turned up smiling at the next parade.

"Never seen Masham so jaunty before," said Vesey. "Wonder what it means."

The first instruction that morning was in the firing exercise, and having been served out with dummy cartridges we fell into our accustomed groups on the parade ground. There were nine men in my squad: No. 1 was a sapper, then came Wilkinson, next him a man called Dundas, of the Highland Light Infantry, with Chichester on his left; then

Masham, Behnke, a Captain Bridgeman of the Rifle Brigade, the adjutant of a Volunteer corps, and myself. Each number in turn was told off to put the section through the exercise. The sapper was over-conscientious and tedious, but Wilkinson, Dundas and Chichester bundled through the movements anyhow, the latter buffooning all the while and quizzing the sergeant-instructor. Masham, on the other hand, was as decorous as could be imagined; to Behnke particularly he was the pink of politeness. At the end of his turn I

laid down my rifle while I laced my boot, and he took it up and held it for me, saying that the wet grass would rust it. No one saw him take the rifle, as the rank was broken for a moment's interval and the men were chatting together.

When we re-formed it was Behnke's turn to take command. Still marvelling at the change which had come over Masham's behaviour, I missed the first words of command, and did not notice what was going on until I heard Behnke tell the Guardsman to snap at his eye. Remembering what he had said the other day, my heart gave a little throb, but Behnke did not wince, and Masham's hammer clicked harmlessly to.

Major Yeovil's voice fell raspingly upon my ear. "What's No. 9 here supposed to be doing—is he asleep?"

"No, sir," the Australian said, trying to screen me. "A little unsteady last time, perhaps," and he added briskly: "Snap at my eye, No. 9."

As I pressed the trigger there was a light in my eyes and a noise in my ears, a puff of smoke leapt from my muzzle, and clearing showed me Behnke, not a yard away, lying stone dead on his face, his blood dabbling the grass.

The precise relation between the events following this awful moment had no meaning for me at the time, and I have never attempted to verify it since.

When the first burst of consternation had passed away I found myself under formal arrest, and in due course was handed over to the civil power.

My mental prostration was such that I imagined I should be tried for murder, but the coroner's jury, unable to find any criminal motive, brought in a verdict of manslaughter through culpable negligence, and on that charge I was committed for trial. Admitted to bail, my father wanted to bring me home with him, but I had not the courage to go.

Most of the fellows in my squad came to offer me their sympathy, and with them came Masham. He waited till the others had gone, then murmured softly: "You see what it is to quarrel with your betters."

I was too crushed to answer him, and

with a jest he flung open the door to leave me. Michael confronted him on the threshold. I feared my man would strike him, but without a sign of emotion he saluted. For all that, I marked Masham's face pale to lividness as he strode away.

Michael came in and closed the door.

"Don't fret, sir, don't fret. That man's neck is near broken at last," he said.

I hardly noticed the words: they conveyed no idea to my mind. And as he talked on and on a feeling of sickness came over me, the walls of the room were pierced with light and danced, and I lost all sense.

Down with brain fever, I knew nothing for many weeks: then I heard what Michael had tried to tell me when I collapsed.

He had captured the slatternly girl who had pulled his hair by the canal. She told him that her man had been flush of cash lately, and that when drunk he had made allusions to Behnke's death she was unable to understand. Asked where she generally met her lover, she mentioned a field behind Saltbrook Castle, with a gate leading out on the Dover main line.

That very afternoon Wilkinson and Michael went to this field and found the lovers in company near the railway. Gently, very gently, Michael crept up behind and encircled man and woman in the grip of his long arms.

The Guardsman, although taken utterly by surprise, at once recognised his assailant, and turning on him with a desperation that justified every suspicion, demanded what he wanted.

"I want," said Michael, "the truth about that cartridge."

"What cartridge?" blustered the fellow.

"Let me go, or I'll make you."

"Make me?" said Michael.

There was a short, quick scuffle, ending as it began in Michael's favour. His grip did not slacken.

"What d'ye want?" panted the fellow again.

"I want you to tell me straight that you know your master to be a murderer."

"I don't know anything," retorted the man, sullenly.

"Then I'll help you," declared Michael, and lifting the woman he dragged the man through the gate on to the railway line. "We'll stop here and talk it over."

"You're mad!" said the fellow. "The Dover mail can't be far off. . . What is it to you who killed the Australian?"

"It's my master who is accused of it," said Michael.

"And you want to shift the blame to mine," said the Guardsman, losing caution under stress of danger.

"I want to know where the round came from that got into my master's rifle?"

The Guardsman looked up the line and saw the signal jerk down. "I'll tell you what," said he. "Polly here won't give us away—I got the round, I —"

His eye fell on Wilkinson, and he made another effort to get free. "It's a trick," he cried, "a trick. Let me go or I'll kill you."

"Finish it," said Michael grappling him tighter; and the rest of the story may be told in Michael's words.

"He gave me the cross-buttock and tripping I dragged them both to earth in the middle of the six-foot way just as we heard the first rumble of the train. 'Would you kill us all?' said the man, snapping and kicking.

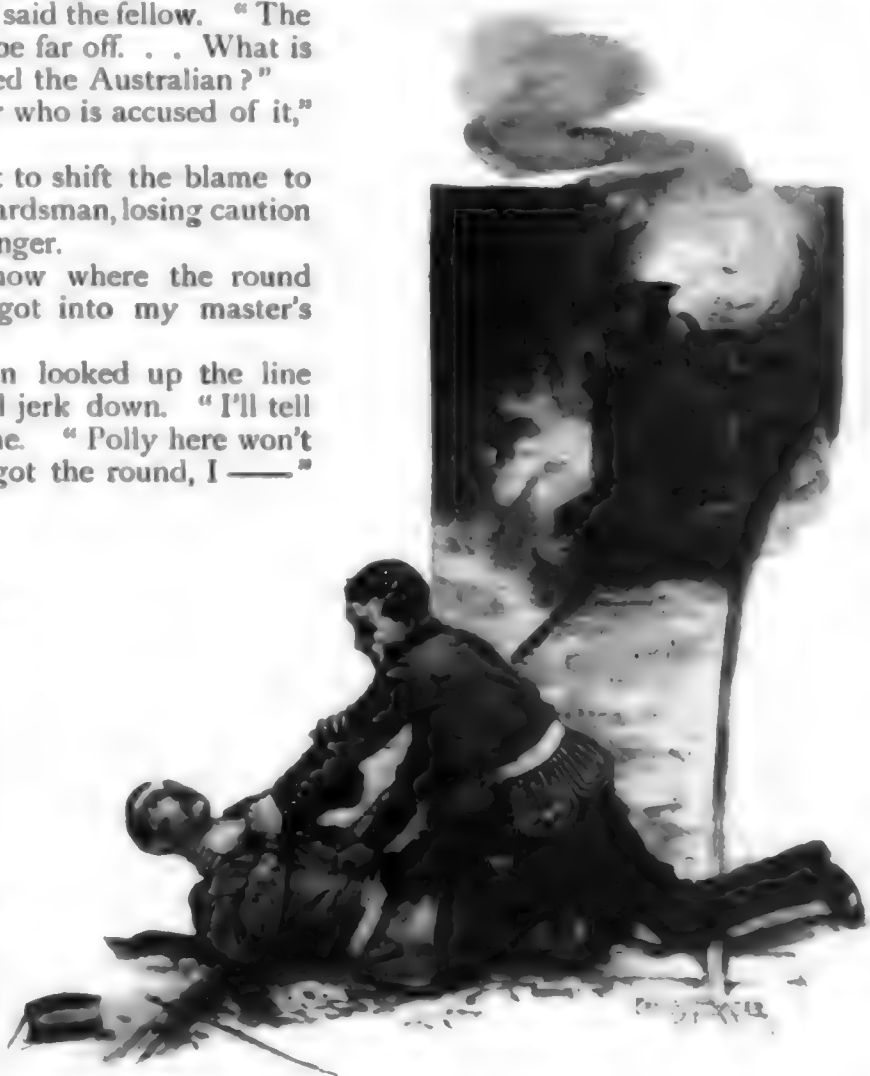
"You'll see," said I. 'If you don't finish it.'

"He slipped his left hand free and grabbed at his bayonet. But before he could catch it I lifted his head and thumped it down upon the chair of the rails. That shook him. 'Finish it,' I said, as he winked up at me, 'finish it, or —'

"Come off for God's sake," cried Mr. Wilkinson. 'The train is in sight.'

"I loosed the woman softly from under

my arm as the ground began to rock, but I gripped the man firmer than ever, the two of us lying fair and square across



"FINISH IT NOW!"

the rail. 'Finish it now,' said I. 'You'll not have the chance in hell.'

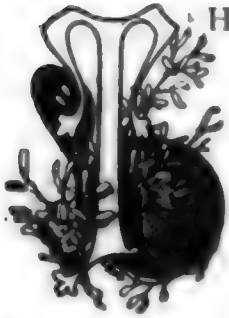
"Hanging's better'n this," he cried. 'I kept back the round from ball practice and Masham paid the sergeant not to split.'

"Just in time I lugged my man from the rail, and I heard the engine-driver praying as he flew past, and his stoker holding him on the footplate."

Masham did not stand his trial. When the police entered his room he took his revolver from the table, and was as dead as Behnke ere they could close with him.

Romantic Leaves from Family Histories

FAMILY LYNCH LAW



HE right of "pit and gallows"—that is to say, authority over the property, liberty and lives of their clansmen—was, under the old feudal jurisdictions, claimed and freely exercised by the heads of the Scottish clans,

in the Lowlands as well as in the Highlands; and there are many startling examples of its enforcement. Similar powers have been sometimes exercised, without any pretence of legal right, by noble families in Continental countries, and two very remarkable instances are preserved in the memoirs of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. That amusing private chronicler of eighteenth-century life and events was not too particular about adhering to the rigid truth; but for both these stories of family crime he cites fairly trustworthy authority, so that they *may* be true—and they certainly contain a large element of tragic interest.

The first tale was told to Wraxall, as within her own knowledge, by the first wife of Sir William Hamilton, for many years British Minister at the Neapolitan Court, and now chiefly remembered as the husband of the famous Emma, Lady Hamilton, the mistress of Lord Nelson. She said that about the year 1743 there lived in Rome an Irish surgeon named Ogilvie. He resided near the Piazza di Spagna, and enjoyed a great reputation for skill in his profession. Late one night, some hours after he had retired to rest, he was disturbed by a loud knocking at his outer door. Looking out of the window he found that a coach was in waiting, and that two men were standing at the door. He hastily descended, supposing that the summons was a professional one of the ordinary

kind, but was rather startled, when he faced his visitors, to find that they both wore masks. In their dress and manner there were unmistakable marks of distinction. They begged him to accompany them immediately, as his professional services were required in a case which admitted of no delay, and they requested him to bring with him his case of lancets. Ogilvie was not wanting in courage, and had his share of the national love of adventure. He decided to comply with the request, and, having provided himself with his instruments, got into the coach, into which the two masked gentlemen followed him, and the vehicle drove off. The surgeon was somewhat disconcerted when one of his companions proceeded to inform him that he must consent to have his eyes bandaged, as the case he was about to attend was that of a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode must at all cost be kept secret. This was a very unprofessional procedure, but as the masks were evidently very much in earnest, and as he did not see that a refusal of their demand would be of much use under the circumstances, Ogilvie submitted without demur to be blindfolded.

The coach proceeded, with many turnings, for a long distance, but was at last pulled up. Ogilvie's companions alighted, and, each taking one of his arms, they led him up a staircase, which he perceived, from their being unable to walk abreast of him, must be narrow. He was thus conducted into a room in which the bandage was taken off his eyes; and then one of the masks abruptly informed him that the service required of him was to deprive of life a lady who had dishonoured her family. The speaker added that Ogilvie had been chosen to perform this dreadful office because of

his known professional skill; that he would find the victim in an adjoining chamber, perfectly prepared to submit to her fate; and that he must open her veins and bleed her to death as expeditiously as possible. For this service, said the masked cavalier, he should receive a liberal fee.

The poor surgeon was in a terrible dilemma. At first he peremptorily refused to commit what was nothing less than a cold-blooded murder. But the two strangers coolly replied that his refusal, if he persisted in it, could only be fatal to himself without doing any good to the lady. Die she must, and as they had taken him so far into their confidence, it was necessary that he should either do the work for which they had brought him, or be himself killed also. All Ogilvie's entreaties and remonstrances were of no avail; and at last he reluctantly consented to perform their will. They pointed to the door of the next room, and he entered and closed it after him. He found there, reclining on a couch, a young lady of remarkable beauty, both of face and figure. She wore a loose undress, and as soon as Ogilvie had entered a female attendant placed before her a tub of warm water, in which she put her feet. Addressing the horrified surgeon, the girl assured him of her perfect resignation, and begged him to put into execution the doom passed upon her with the least possible delay. She added that she was well aware that no mercy could be expected from those who had doomed her to death, and that she hoped his skill would shorten her sufferings, and hasten her end.

Ogilvie still naturally hesitated; but finally, realising that no other course was open to him, he drew out his lancet, opened the veins in the poor lady's legs, and bled her to death in a very short time. As soon as he had intimated that she was dead the two masked gentlemen entered the chamber, and after having examined the body to satisfy themselves that life was extinct, politely expressed their thanks to Ogilvie, and tendered him a well-filled purse of gold. But this he indignantly refused to accept, only

entreating to be taken away as soon as might be from a scene of which he could not think without horror. The masks did not resent his natural expressions of anger, but, having again carefully bandaged his eyes, led him down the staircase to the carriage. As he was descending, however, the surgeon contrived, without being observed, to press his hands, which were stained with blood, against the walls of the staircase so as to leave some marks there. He was swiftly driven back to his home; but at parting the masks warned him, on peril of his life, never to divulge the tragedy in which he had been compelled to play so terrible a part. They both swore that if he made the least endeavour to penetrate the mystery or give it publicity they would contrive his murder.

It was quite clear to Ogilvie that these disguised gentlemen would not stick at trifles. But he was, as I have said, not wanting in courage; moreover, he felt that if he consented to remain silent about the abominable deed that had been committed, he would be to all intents and purposes a *particeps criminis*, and this was a hideous responsibility which he could not bring himself to accept. So, after much consideration as to the best course to adopt, he obtained an interview the very next day with the Secretary of the Apostolic Chamber, told him the whole ghastly story, and added the expression of his belief that with due help and protection from the authorities he might be able at least to discover the scene of the tragedy. The Papal chair was at that time occupied by Benedict XIV., one of the best Popes Rome has ever had. As soon as the facts of the case were laid before him he instituted the most active measures for bringing the offenders to justice. A guard of police was instructed to accompany Ogilvie, who, having come to the conclusion from various circumstances that he had been driven in the coach outside the city, began his quest by visiting and examining the villas without the walls. His search proved ultimately successful. In the Villa Papa Julio, originally built and occupied by the great Pope Julius III., he discovered on the wall of a staircase

the bloody marks left by his fingers, and ascending the staircase soon recognised the room in which the beautiful victim had met her death.

The villa belonged to the Duke di Bracciano, and it was found on further investigation that the Duke himself and his brother had been the perpetrators of the crime, and their own sister the victim. As soon as they learned that their guilt had been discovered they fled to Naples; and in that city, where in 1743 the administration of the law was very lax and the Pontiff, of course, had no secular jurisdiction, they were able without much trouble to evade the pursuit of his officers. After remaining for some time in exile they succeeded, by the intervention of their many powerful friends in Rome, in obtaining a pardon on the payment of a heavy fine to the Apostolic Chamber. Another condition imposed upon them was that they should place over the chimney-piece of the room where the murder was committed a plate of copper, bearing an inscription which recorded their crime and their repentance. This plate remained in the room, according to Lady Hamilton, till within a few years of the time when she told the story to Wraxall. Of the ultimate fate of the surgeon she said nothing.

The scene of the other story of family justice or vengeance which came to Wraxall's knowledge was somewhere—precisely where he is unable to say—in the Rhenish provinces of Germany. In the year 1774 or 1775 some persons arrived late one night at Strasburg from the German side of the Rhine, and proceeded to the house of the *bourreau*, or public executioner. They called upon him to accompany them instantly out of the town, as his services were required for the decapitation of a criminal of rank. They instructed him to bring with him the heavy two-edged sword with which he was accustomed, in the regular discharge of his functions, to behead malefactors, and added that as he would have to make a rather long journey, he should receive a handsome fee for his services. The headsman at once agreed to accompany the strangers, who showed him into a carriage, which

drove him across the river to Kehl. Arrived there, his companions told him that he must consent to be blindfolded. This was done, and after a journey of nearly two days the party arrived at a moated castle, of which the drawbridge, as the executioner could hear, had to be lowered to admit them. The headsman was led into a small apartment, where the bandage was removed from his eyes; and after waiting here for some time, he was conducted into the great hall of the castle, where stood a scaffold hung with black cloth, and in the middle of it a chair or stool. A female was shortly afterwards led in by two persons; she was dressed in deep mourning, and her face wholly concealed by a thick veil. She was seated in the chair, and her attendants proceeded to tie her hands behind her, and afterwards to bind her legs to the chair. Not a word was spoken by the people who bound her, and she herself neither made complaint nor offered resistance. When all the preparations were completed, the headsman, standing behind the victim, at a signal drew the great sword he carried. One of the attendants grasped the victim's hair, and forcibly raised her head by it, and then, at a single stroke, the head was severed from her body. The executioner was liberally rewarded, blindfolded again, and conducted back to Kehl. Arrived there, he was set down at the end of the bridge leading to Strasburg.

Wraxall adds that he often, during his residence in Germany, heard discussions as to the identity of the lady who thus suffered; and the general belief was that she was Augusta Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Charles Alexander of Wurtemberg, and wife of the Prince of Turn and Taxis. She was a woman of very violent passions; she detested her husband, and it was known that she had repeatedly attempted his life. About the year 1773 or 1774 they were finally separated, and she was taken into the custody of her brother, the then reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, who immured her in one of his castles. She was never again seen in public, and there is at least the possibility that it was her head which fell under the sword of the *bourreau* of Strasburg.

Heaps of Lots

WRITTEN BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY



O be sure you all remember that beautifully clear night last week when all the clouds had gone away over to America to see their friends, and there was not the least little bit of fog even above the Serpentine, and when so many tiny stars were awake and winking at all the little girls and boys who looked out of the window before being tucked up warm in bed. I think it must have been those little, mischievous, winking stars that put the idea into the heads of the two naughty Landseer Lions (Mr. Strand Lion, whose nose points towards the Strand, and Mr. Piccadilly Lion, whose nose points towards Pall Mall, you know) to go and get the statues of our good kings and queens and griffins and things into such an awful mess. It was all on account of a 'bus, too, and the little children of London saw the most tremendous smash-up when all was finished that had ever been. You know I think those Landseer Lions do nothing but just lie about in Trafalgar Square and look good, and spend the whole of the day in thinking what wicked things they will do next.

Of course, it was Mr. Strand Lion that really thought out the plot, for he has the brains, and Mr. Piccadilly Lion hasn't, but is an awfully jolly fellow, and does whatever Mr. Strand Lion tells him to do. The night I tell you of these two lions waited until all the little girls and boys had kissed their mammas and daddas "good-night," and were warmly tucked up in blankets, and then Mr. Strand Lion he gives a monstrous yawn. That wakens Mr. Piccadilly Lion up and makes him growl, for he

doesn't like to waken up early, and says he's very tired. But Mr. Strand Lion is wide awake, and I am pretty sure that if any little girl had happened to be near Nelson's Column at that time the bad lion would have gobbled her up pretty quickly. But, to be sure, all good little folk were sound asleep, excepting only some who had aches inside from having eaten something when no one was looking, and they had their mammas and nurses sitting beside them giving them peppermint and scoldings; so they were all right.

After a time Mr. Piccadilly Lion lays his head down on his front paws, and he looks ever so sleepily at Mr. Strand Lion and scarcely wags his tail, he is so very lazy. But Mr. Strand Lion he hops off the big block of granite, and, carrying one hind leg in his hand just the way you see a dog do, he goes "hopperty-hop, hopperty-hop" round Trafalgar Square ever so quietly to see whether he can find a little fat boy to eat. But the fairies that play in the fountains they had told the little boys all to run off home, and so the cruel lion did not find anything to eat. Presently he comes back and looks up at Mr. Piccadilly Lion, and he says:

"Hullo, Dilly, how are you to-night?"

Mr. Piccadilly Lion he is still very sleepy, and he growls a little and murmurs, "Leave me alone, please," and "don't bother me for a few minutes."

So Mr. Strand Lion hops round the column and pulls the other two lions' tails just to vex them, for they are good lions, and do not go galloping all over London after dark like Mr. Strand Lion and Mr. Piccadilly Lion do. The two good Landseer Lions, of course, start up when their tails are pulled, and they tell Mr. Strand Lion to go and sit up in his proper place like a good lion, but, of

course, he only laughs and says: "By-and-bye, milk-sops, I'll be good by-and-bye." Now, that is what all bad people keep saying, you know.

and gives it such a fright that it nearly pitches the King over its head, for, as usual, Mr. King Charles was thinking of himself and didn't know what was going



"NEARLY PITCHES THE KING OVER ITS HEAD"

Away scurried the bad Strand Lion, and he creeps up to Mr. King Charles' horse, and when the King don't know anything about it, he all at once sticks a great sharp claw into the poor horse

on under him. Mr. King Charles scolds Mr. Strand Lion, but the Lion ups and says he's the British Lion and never did care a snap of his fingers for Mr. King Charles. When Mr. Piccadilly Lion

hears this he wakens up right smartly, for living in the West End he is very loyal, and says: "Why, you East End radical, you haven't fingers to snap;" but Mr. Strand says, as saucy as you please: "Then I snap the fingers I haven't got; see if that will please you!"

By this time both Lions have their manes on end, and their tails straight out, and their eyes glaring, and it looks as though they were going to have an awful row; but presently Mr. Strand Lion glances over his shoulder and then says: "What are you going to do to-night, Dilly?" and Mr. Dilly lets his mane fall down all smooth again and says: "I don't know quite what to do, I feel awfully bored," and he yawns an awful yawn, politely putting his paw up to his lips, of course.

"What do you say to an autocar ride?" suggests Mr. Strand Lion. "What! Do you mean one of those steam 'buses?" "Of course I do," says Mr. Strand Lion; but Mr. Dilly Lion says: "Don't you know I hate steam 'buses? They have done away with all the nice fat horses. I can't eat steam 'buses, but I like fat horses." Mr. Strand Lion says: "I don't like fat horses so much as I like little fat boys," and off he goes galloping round the square nosing about just to see if he hasn't overlooked a little girl or boy that had forgotten to go home to bed. As he passes the two good lions they say: "Why don't you go to sleep, you bad lion," for they love boys and girls, not to eat, but just to love, you know. But Mr. Strand Lion doesn't mind a bit what they say, and only switches his tail in their faces.

By this time Mr. Piccadilly Lion has got down upon the pavement, and the two wicked lions trot off and sit down as sociable as you please, on the stone steps of St. Martin's Church, and they curl their tails until the tassels rest on their front paws, and they sit there looking at all the lot of lights and the stars. By-and-bye Mr. Strand Lion says:

"Let us give the folk a 'bus ride, Dilly," and Mr. Dilly Lion says: "I don't understand." And Mr. Strand Lion says, quite impudently: "You never do, Dilly. Western people are always

so thick-headed, just like northern people are always so good. It is only us east-by-south people who are cute and understand life. I mean, let us get a 'bus and take a lot of the statues out for a ride—Mrs. Queen Anne, and Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin, and Mr. King Charles, and the Piccadilly Fountain Cupid, and——"

But Mr. Dilly Lion stops him and asks: "Who is to draw the 'bus?" and Mr. Strand Lion, who is very sly, says "Why, of course whoever draws the 'bus has the best of it all, for, you see, he can go where he likes. You'll draw the 'bus, and I'll be conductor."

"I don't see much fun in drawing the 'bus," says Mr. Dilly Lion; but Mr. Strand Lion says: "You leave it to me, and I'll show you there will be heaps of lots of sport."

"Is the 'bus to be full inside and out?" asks Mr. Dilly, for he doesn't like hard work. "Of course it will," answers Mr. Strand Lion, and Mr. Dilly Lion shakes his head and says: "I'd rather be inside sitting down, I would." "No you would not—no you would not," says Mr. Strand Lion, "for you do not know what I am going to do." "What do you intend to do?" asks Mr. Dilly, for he is anxious to hear Mr. Strand Lion's plans.

But Mr. Strand Lion has no intention of telling all about what he has made up his mind to do. He just says: "Well, the Thames is very muddy across Westminster Bridge. It would make me laugh to see Mrs. Queen Anne and Mr. Temple Bar Griffin walking in the mud. Wouldn't you laugh, too, Dilly?" And of course Mr. Piccadilly Lion says he would.

So away the two naughty lions go to where a lot of 'buses were sound asleep; and after looking at them all, Mr. Strand Lion picks out that big red 'bus that goes to Kensington just after a quarter to ten every morning; and he harnesses Mr. Dilly Lion to the 'bus, and then he jumps on behind just like a conductor, and slaps the straps against the window on the on-side and whistles *Whee-uu!* And off starts Mr. Dilly Lion as fast as he can go, up the Strand and along Fleet Street, with Mr. Strand Lion leaning away out,

calling loudly "Bank! Bank! Bank!" as fast as he can, so as to make fun of all the sleeping policemen.

Presently Mr. Dilly Lion comes to where Mrs. Queen Anne stands on front of St. Paul's Cathedral; and he brings the 'bus to a halt, and Mr. Strand Lion steps off as nicely as you please, and says: "Hullo! Mrs. Queen Anne, how are you going on?" and Mrs. Queen Anne

up and says: "What? Horses for a queen! Not likely. The British Lion delights to take care of a Queen," he says; and Mrs. Queen Anne says: "My four maids must come with me, then," and Mr. Strand Lion says: "Of course, let the girls climb on top. They'll be quite comfortable up there, I'm sure."

In gets Mrs. Queen Anne, and after she is seated all snug in the far corner,



"'COME AND SAVE ME!'"

she draws her robes round her a little tighter and turns up her nose at Mr. Strand Lion, because he is so cheeky. But she rather likes Mr. Dilly Lion, for he is so good-natured and polite; and when he says: "Glorious evening, I'm sure. We have brought your carriage round to see if you would care to take a little fresh air, you know," Mrs. Queen Anne looks quite pleased.

But all at once she asks: "Where are the horses?" and Mr. Strand Lion looks

so that she can look out ahead, her four maids-of-honour that sit around the base of the pedestal they climb up on top laughing at a great rate and saying, "You go first, dear," and "O, I dare not. You go dear," and they keep on saying that so long that Mr. Strand Lion, who is conductor, he shouts "Now then, my dears, are you going on? We're in a hurry we are, we're no South-Eastern express you must remember."

So up they all get and Mr. Strand

Lion slaps the window with his strap and whistles ever so briskly *Whee-uu!* and off goes Mr. Dilly Lion, very proud to have Mrs. Queen Anne to draw. By-and-bye the 'bus comes to the Law Courts.

Now, on top of a great square shaft lives Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin making the most awful faces at Miss St. Clement's Danes Church, who is so shocked that she always keeps her clock hands before her face so as not to see the nasty grimaces Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin is always making just to frighten little girls and boys and Miss Clocks.

Mr. Strand Lion hops off the 'bus and goes up to Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin and whispers "Hullo, Griffin, limber up and come down. I want you."

Mr. Griffin crinkles his wings and looks over at Mr. Strand Lion and asks, "What for?"

"Why," says the naughty Lion, not caring a least little bit about an untruth, "we've got a pretty girl in the 'bus who is going to Trafalgar Square. She is Mr. Policeman's sweetheart."

Now, Mr. Griffin is very spiteful to Mr. Policeman, and so he says: "Wait a moment. I'll come down and give the girl such a fright." Down he comes, and Mr. Strand Lion opens the 'bus door and in jumps Mr. Temple Bar Griffin, with his mouth O! so wide open, and he crinkles his wings and curls his tail like a corkscrew, and hisses like a snake. Poor Mrs. Queen Anne, when she turns round, there she sees this awful Griffin looking at her. Up she jumps on top of the seat, and throws her hands over her eyes so that she shall not see the terrible Griffin, and she sets up such a shrill screaming, and calls out, "O! Mr. Strand Lion, O! Mr. Dilly Lion, come and save me! Come and save me!" but the two naughty lions do not care a bit, and only laugh.

Off they set with a rare rattle down to Charing Cross, Mrs. Queen Anne screaming so loudly as to almost waken some of the tired policemen. Indeed, Mr. Trafalgar Square Policeman does wake up in an awful fright, and is about to run off for protection from the magistrates, who are men paid to protect the

poor little policemen who get found out; but Mr. Strand Lion says to Mr. Policeman: "It is only a very pretty girl who is frightened of a mouse. I wish you would step inside and catch the mouse for her and see if you can't soothe her." At hearing this, Mr. Policeman dusts his helmet and pulls his collar down so that he may look smart, and curls his moustache, and in he steps all smiling to look for the mouse, and Mr. Strand Lion slams the door and slaps the strap against the window, and whistles *Whee-uu!* and laughs. When the 'bus was standing still, and when Mr. Dilly Lion and Mr. Strand Lion were not looking, Mr. King Charles had caught sight of the four maids-of-honour, and of course gets off his high horse and climbs upon top, and is telling the girls stories.

Of course the first thing poor Mr. Policeman sees when he steps inside is not a mouse nor pretty girl, but the awful, terrible Griffin; and he gets a big fright, for Mr. Griffin stings Mr. Policeman with his sharp spike tail. Poor Mr. Policeman's helmet tumbled off and he jumps for the door, but of course Mr. Strand Lion holds it tight, and Mr. Griffin goes after him and chases him round and round the 'bus, and by-and-bye the 'bus comes to where Piccadilly Cupid stands on one foot on top of the fountain. By this time Mr. Policeman has got behind Mrs. Queen Anne and is holding her between him and Mr. Griffin, and to be sure she, poor woman, is screaming. Mr. Strand Lion says to the Piccadilly Cupid: "Please come down and tell these people inside to be quiet;" and Cupid says: "I have had to shoot so many arrows to-night round this part that I haven't got one left; but maybe my bow will frighten them," and in he goes and gets the door shut on him, and, poor little fellow, Mr. Griffin goes for him too. Poor little Cupid, he flies up into a corner and perches there shivering.

The two very wicked Lions had now their 'bus full, and Mr. Strand Lion slaps the strap against the window and shouts: "Whee-uu! full inside and out."

"Where shall I go now?" asks Mr. Dilly Lion.

"Why, over Westminster Bridge, of course, as fast as ever you can."

Across the bridge they go, and then Mr. Strand Lion jumps off the platform and helps Mr. Dilly Lion to pull the 'bus at a terrible rate past St. Thomas's Hospital; and just where the river is at its very muddiest the two Lions rush the 'bus and let go the pole, and send it

in Trafalgar Square, laughing and winking and pretending that they had not done anything wrong.

And when the little girls and boys awoke next morning, there they saw all the fine statue people—Mrs. Queen Anne, Mr. King Charles, Mr. Temple-Bar Griffin, Mr. Piccadilly Cupid—and all plodding about in the deep mud, and



"'I'M ALWAYS GETTING DRAWN INTO A MESS'".

flying heels over head into the river. When Mr. King Charles sees what is up it is too late, of course; and he says, quite resigned, "I'm always getting drawn into a mess." Right over the Embankment the 'bus flies and plump into the mud, for the tide is out, and all the people and things spill out of the inside and fall off the top; and away cut the two wicked Lions for their places

crying and cold, and wanting to be taken out and put in their places again. Poor Mr. Griffin, he was in a very sad state, for his legs were so short, and his tail dragged in the cold mud and water. And the bad Lions, Mr. Strand Lion and Mr. Piccadilly Lion, were lying in their right places as comfortable as you please, and every now and again chuckling and winking at one another.

How Christmas Crackers are Made

WRITTEN BY C. L. McCLUER STEVENS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS



THE Christmas cracker, as we know it to-day, is a comparatively modern innovation. But that which it symbolises is as old as the everlasting hills; as ancient as the human race itself.

For the primeval crackers were love-tokens; neither more nor less. They were simply bits of twisted and fringed tissue-paper, with a sweet and a motto inside; and they were called "Kisses." It was an appropriate name. As

a matter of fact they could hardly have been designated "crackers," for they did not "crack."

Time rolled on, as time is in the habit of doing, and, by slow degrees, there was evolved the present highly ornate and superlatively gorgeous arrangement in crimson and gold, and cream and silver; so constructed as to hide within its crinkly recesses all sorts of dainty confetti and more or less costly trinkets. But, although the article itself has been improved almost out of recognition, and although the name has been changed, its purpose remains as before. The ancient "kiss" had always, for some occult reason, been associated with love-making. Its successor, the cracker, fulfils the same rôle. And the love-making, moreover, is usually the love-making of children; than which nothing more ethereal, delicate, nor delicious exists upon the surface of this weazened old globe of ours. Do you doubt it? Then recall your own boyhood's or girlhood's days,

as the case may be. Don once more, in imagination, the trim-cut Eton-jacket; or the muslin frock, pink-sashed. Close your eyes for a moment. Turn back into your yesterdays. And there will rise before you the vision of an oak-panelled dining-room: wherein is a fairyland of bright lights and glowing flowers, of gleaming silver and sparkling glass, of merry faces and roguish eyes, of laughter and revelry and music. And in the corner, over yonder, a little head, sunning over with curls, bends low to yours; the while you read, in a half-whisper, the tender motto. Do you remember?

And as it was then, so it is now; and so, let us fervently hope, it will ever be.

Probably, if we could trace the real original inventor of the cracker, we should find it was some poor, little, street-bred child; who, wishful to give a pleasant surprise to its playmate of the opposite sex, wrapped up the farthing's-worth of toffy it had bought in a bit of old newspaper. It was not a very elaborate device. It probably added a flavour of printer's ink to the inherent nastiness of the sweetmeat, and it almost certainly accentuated its stickiness. But it invested the gift with the twin delights of uncertainty and of expectation.

Other children were not slow to appreciate the innovation, and, the demand creating the supply, the confectioners began to twist up their sweetmeats in little rolls of coloured paper. Then someone, endowed with genius and a pair of scissors, fringed the ends; and forthwith the "kiss," the immediate predecessor of the latter-day cracker, came into existence.

From this point the evolution was sure but slow. Years passed before the motto took its place by the side of the

enclosed sweetmeat. Then more sugar-plums were introduced, and it became necessary to tie the "kiss" with a small thread, to prevent them from

crackers, or, roughly speaking, from twelve to thirteen millions for the season's supply.

A visit to this unique factory is something of a revelation to the generality of people. Can it be possible that all this delicate, intricate, costly and beautiful machinery has been invented and produced solely to bring into existence in the shortest space of time and with the minimum expenditure of energy the harmless, unnecessary cracker? Is each and every one of these rosy-cheeked, sturdy, bright-eyed lassies but an animated factor in the same problem? One knows, of course, that the answer is "Yes." But, as one



IN THE BOX FACTORY

falling out. Next the detonator was added. And, finally, the paper, instead of being secured in one place only, was tied at both ends. Thus the final stage was reached, and the cracker came into existence—a finished and beautiful, if somewhat ephemeral, entity.

In the early days each confectioner bought his own materials and manufactured his own crackers. It was reserved for the successors of the late Mr. "Tom" Smith to elevate cracker-making to the dignity of a separate and—but this is by-the-bye—highly profitable business. To-day his eldest son, Mr. Walter Smith, rules over a vast establishment replete with every description of labour-saving machinery, and affording employment, from year's end to year's end, to several hundreds of women and girls and some scores of men and boys. Here are turned out every month more than a million finished

passes through the seemingly endless series of rooms, sees the vast stores of raw material packed ready for use, and begins to faintly realise the magnificent magnitude of what one has schooled oneself to regard as an essentially trivial business, it becomes increasingly difficult to prevent one's wonder from degenerating into mere vulgar amazement. One is shown bales upon bales of tissue-paper; crates upon crates of Parisian novelties; thousands of curious, turned wooden toys from America; quaint little "men" and "women" from Sweden; imitation



MAKING UP THE CRACKER

jewellery from Bohemia ; odds and ends from France and Saxony ; pretty conceits from far-off Japan. The very



FRINGING

cardboard in which the season's supply is destined to be packed weighs nearly two hundred tons, and would cover Hyde Park as with a garment.

One of the most interesting of all the departments is the Litho - Machine Room. Here is produced all the decorative work: the fancy labels for the outside of the boxes, the ornate ends of the crackers themselves, the little central pictures, the love mottoes and the advertisement posters. Above this is the making-up and boxing department, where is to be seen in full blast the actual work of making

the cracker. Hundreds of girls are seated at long benches, their nimble fingers flashing to and fro with a dexterity born of long practice. Quicker almost than the eye can follow the sheet of gold or silver paper is rolled round the brass tube that determines its size. Two tiny dabs of glue hold it in its place while the motto, detonator and "present" are inserted. Then the "dummy" is withdrawn, the operator crimps the ends with a slender, strong cord, and the finished article is consigned to a darksome box to see the light of day no more till such time as it appears, in all its pristine glory of tinsel and fringe, at some Christmas dinner-table.

A separate and distinct branch of the cracker-maker's art consists in the manufacture of those fancy-paper "hats," "bonnets," "mob-caps," and "masks" with which we are all more or less familiar. In the accompanying illustration three young ladies, of prepossessing appearance, are shown busily at work on these pretty trifles. The "hats," &c., are "made up" on tin "blocks," carefully moulded to the required shape; and quite as much care is bestowed upon them, relatively speaking, as upon their straw or felt prototypes.

The girls employed in this work do



MAKING PAPER HATS



not, of course, cut out the article. This is done in another department, where a perpetually revolving blade, known as a "wave knife," carves out thousands of them at once. This knife is one of the

products are deposited in huge crates, ready for shipment; and the "storage" and "show" rooms.

The fancy boxes in which the crackers are sent out are made in a separate factory, the cardboard being cut to the required shape partly by means of weighted knives, like gigantic scythes, and partly by machinery. This portion of the work is done in another department by men. Upstairs the boxes are put together by a bevy of chattering damsels, in a room smelling abominably of glue. In this factory during a busy week as many as thirty thousand boxes, embracing more than two hundred varieties of size and shape, have been turned out.

An important factor in the manufacture of crackers is gelatine. This is

imported in casks from Switzerland, and after being melted it is allowed to run upon a sheet of glass, over which a preparation of ox-gall has been previously spread to prevent it sticking. When cold it strips off into the

thin, transparent sheets we all know. The finished crackers are all shapes and sizes, from 6d. a dozen up to 5s. apiece. The latter

sights of the factory. It is a sort of endless ribbon of steel, as delicate and as flexible as a watch-spring, and as keen as a razor; and, when in use, it is kept running over two large wheels at the rate of four hundred and eighty revolutions a minute. A thick pile of paper, upon the topmost sheet of which the design desired has been previously sketched, is pressed firmly against this terrible "ribbon;" and, by twisting and turning it in the necessary direction, a thousand perfect patterns, all ready for making up, are produced in the course of a few seconds. The operation is a deliciously simple one, requiring little or no technical skill; but the greatest care is necessary: a slip may mean the loss of a finger or two, or perchance an arm.

Other departments are the "artist's room," where are a number of clever designers busily engaged in working out novelties for *Christmas, 1898*; the "fringing-room," where the ends of the crackers are slit by means of sundry small but powerful machines, each containing two hundred circular knives; the "packing-room," where the finished

are monsters, over three feet in length. The most expensive kind ordinarily sold cost from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a dozen. The latter con-



tain the "very latest" in toys, hats, masks, and mottoes, besides a sheet of music by some well-known composer. In addition, each year brings its own special set of novelties. Last year, for instance, South African crackers, containing miniature Gatling-guns, tiny Kaffirs, and portraits of Dr. "Jim," Cecil Rhodes, and other South African celebrities, were all the rage. This year their place has been usurped by "Nansen" crackers, with polar-bear masks, tiny thermometers, portraits of the explorer, and miniature balloons, &c.; "Motor-car," "X ray" and "Cinematograph" crackers.

The largest cracker ever manufactured at Messrs. Smith's factory was eight

feet long, and nearly eighteen inches in diameter. It was made to the order of the late Sir Augustus Harris, and used to be pulled nightly at Drury Lane pantomime, some years ago, by that prince of clowns, Harry Payne. Several hundreds of smaller crackers came out of it, and were distributed among the audience. Last year an enterprising West End tradesman was very anxious to have a gigantic cracker made, sixteen feet in length, the idea being, of course, to exhibit it in his window and thus attract attention and custom. But the factory was working at high pressure at the time, and the order had to be respectfully but firmly declined.



CAPS OUT OF CRACKERS

Dead Pictures

WRITTEN BY BARRY PAIN. (ILLUSTRATIONS OMITTED, BY DESIRE)



I.—THE HOUSE WHERE IT WAS DONE.

HAVE but to pick up a penny illustrated paper and open my eyes, and I can generally see it quite distinctly, as clearly as if it were a dream.

It is a picture of a house. It has five windows, three in the upper storey and two in the lower. The top left-hand corner window is partly open, in a careless and natural way, and gives variety. There is a door, with a step to it, between the two lower windows. At a little distance are shrubs, and a policeman with one arm stuck out, and some horizon.

That is the house where it was done. It may be a murder, or a suicide, or the birth of a celebrity; but that is always the house where it was done. Robert Burns was born in the same house where Charles Peace resided, and the Carmelite Club was raided, and the Anarchists were arrested, and the ghost was seen by the singularly clear-headed man, and Boulanger passed his early years.

That house is sometimes a club, and sometimes a convalescent home, and sometimes a rectory; but it is always the same. The letterpress describing it may vary, but the picture never varies. It comes up one week as a "Retreat for Indigent Curates;" next week you are asked to believe that Deeming's victim was discovered under its hearth-stone.

If they would only vary the details occasionally, perhaps it would be easier to bear it. Could not the policeman be made removable? Would it not be possible sometimes to open one of the other windows, strike out the shrubs, or

let in a new horizon? What that old block lost in chips it would gain in conviction and *vraisemblance*.

In the meantime it goes on. If anything is ever done in a house, then that is the house where it was done.

It must have been inconveniently crowded at times.

II.—THE COSY CORNER.

There is only one cosy corner in the world.

It belongs to the people who are interviewed, and is sent about from house to house so that the interviewer may always find it. Or, possibly, the interviewer brings it with him in a cart and fixes it up before he starts work.

It's a pretty thing, of wood painted white. When you sit down there is a little shelf with majolica upon it to catch you in the small of the back; when you get up again you bump your head against a bigger shelf. There is a Burmese brass idol, a Japanese fan and a pot tulip on this shelf. When you bump your head, these things fall off.

That is where the cosiness comes in.

The cosy corner is approached by a real Regent Street Cairene arch. It has cushions in some profusion, and a mandoline reposes carelessly on the cushions. There is no reason why the mandoline should not be there—I have heard it, and can quite believe that it is better to sit on it than to play on it. When the interviewer enters a room where this cosy corner is displayed, he is much struck by the taste and refinement, and says he feels as if he were passing into another world.

I wish he were. If he passed, I should not day-by-day and week-by-week be confronted with the picture of the cosy corner in the illustrated interview. This

picture is doing a lot of harm. The general public believes that every celebrity has a cosy corner, and then the general public wants one too. And the *Halfpenny Home Blitherer* tells you how you can make one for yourself out of orange-boxes, and plushette, and what is left over from your last year's bicycle. If these pictures are not stopped, somebody really will make one, and it will breed discord.

III.—THE WOMAN IN BED.

Don't go. There is really no impropriety in the picture. The most respectable papers have it. As a rule it illustrates a chapter of the serial story, and there is nothing in the story with any tendency to undermine or honeycomb anything.

The scene depicted is mostly bed-clothes. At one end is a far more elaborate pillow than you have got at home, and on the pillow rests the head of a much prettier woman than you are yourself.

The woman's hair is always black. Either the fair-haired women never go to bed, or they dye their hair first. Her eyes are closed.

At the left hand of the picture is the nurse approaching; she carries a full medicine-glass in one hand at arm's length, and presses the fingers of her other hand on her lips to enjoin silence. She looks at the patient instead of at the glass, and you can see she will spill that medicine and spoil a good carpet. But you cannot see why she puts her fingers to her lips, for there is no one in the room except herself and the patient, and the patient is either asleep or dead; dead for choice—I mean, dead as a general rule.

On the table by the bed-side is a split peach, a bunch of grapes, and a medicine-bottle with the loose label tied to the neck—in the way no medicine-bottle ever is labelled except in pictures.

Underneath one reads the legend, which may vary. Sometimes it is, "All was over," not referring to the medicine-glass. Sometimes, "The nurse advanced

stealthily;" and on looking at the picture you see that to advance stealthily you bend the top half of your body forward and the rest follows when it can. Or you may have, "She slept like a tired child," or "But Dorothy would never wake again."

It is always very sad. The first hundred or hundred and fifty times that you see that picture you feel as if you could cry. But the illustrated magazines keep on slinging it in, and one grows callous, otherwise you might break your heart for fourpence-halfpenny any day at the discount booksellers.

IV.—IN A GRIP OF STEEL.

The grip, of course, is the hero's; the man in it is the villain. That is the way these things happen.

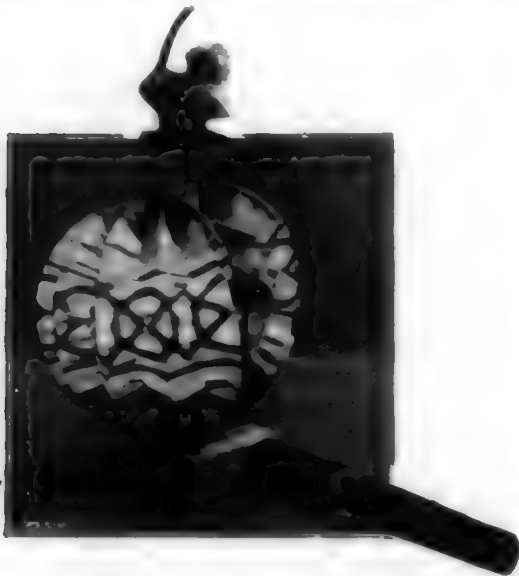
The hero slants forward; the villain slants backward. The hero has one arm behind his back, where it is likely to be useful as a defence in case the villain thinks of running round and hitting him there. His other arm is outstretched, and the hand grasps the villain's wrist. The villain has one arm absolutely free. There seems to be no reason why he should not swing it round until the hero's face gets in the way. But that does not occur to the villain. As long as he may look horrified and be caught in a grip of steel, that is all he wants.

Now, the constant repetition of this picture is having a very pernicious effect upon young men just starting in life. It leads them to believe that if they become villains—and it is said there is money in it—they may look forward to the grip-of-steel moment with composure. They imagine that while the hero is carefully defending the small of his back from a purely imaginary enemy in the rear, they will punch his face according to their own taste and discretion. So they become villains, and they meet a hero, and he fails to act according to the picture. Thus this picture leads to crime and also to disappointment. It is flagrantly immoral and should be suppressed.

This Season's Toys

WRITTEN BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CHRISTMAS-TIME is the hawkers' harvest. It is in mid-December that the peripatetic vendor of the gutter drives a thriving trade and makes his biggest profit; for with the hawker, as with other folks, profit is a



WHISTLE AND LANTERN

fluctuating measure of trade. It is at this period that one finds the kerb lined with dealers in wares of every description and from every clime. Fruit and flowers, flags and fireworks, booklets, brooms and banners, puzzles, pots and papers, all are hawked about at prices astonishing in their cheapness, and yet, if the truth be known, leaving a handsome margin of profit to the vendor. The objects most in evidence about Christmas-time, when humanity is in the best of tempers, and bent for the most part on spending money in the acquisition of useless baubles, are toys; and of these (penny toys especially) the variety is simply endless. Every year brings novelties never before seen, and the trade done is so vast as often to cause the hawker to invest in fresh stock two or three times a day.

It was to discover the origin of the penny toy that I set myself early in November last, and I soon discovered that my aim was about as easy as that which actuated Dr. Nansen when he started on his self-imposed mission; for inquiries served to show that "the trade" is regarded very much as a Freemasonry among those who have been initiated into its mysteries. Hard as I tried to cultivate the vendors, my progress ended as soon as my purchases had been made, and anything like information was rigorously withheld. Finally, however, I met with a vendor of puzzle rings in the Strand who, in return for half-a-crown, gave me some particulars which eventually enabled me to obtain the information contained in this article.

The toy trade of London is a very large industry. It is in the hands of about a hundred firms, most of whom have warehouses in or near that salubrious thoroughfare known as Houndsditch, or as it is termed in the trade "The Ditch." The biggest and oldest establishment concerned in the distribution of cheap toys, the very head-centre



THE ARTIST

of the hawkers' trade, is, however, in St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell, where the firm of T. M. Whitton and Sons occupy six houses, together with a huge warehouse

round the corner, all crammed with toys, and it was to this gigantic establishment that I found my way, and, after a few explanations, was let behind the scenes of toy-land by Mr. William Whitton, who was responsible for the very first penny article sold in the streets of London. The article in question was a horn coat-link, imitating the gold links which were fashionable in the old days when very cut-away coats were worn over pegtop trousers. This historic event took place nearly fifty years ago, the exact year being 1851, and the venture was a great

success, the supply proving short of the demand. From that first penn'orth till to-day the street-trade has grown without cessation, and the number of penny articles which are to-day stored by this one firm amounts to something like ten thousand, besides about half that number of more expensive things.

As soon as the demand for penny articles became apparent, the Germans saw their opportunity, and, with the introduction of Free Trade, made the most of it. For a series of years Germany imported many thousands of pounds worth of penny toys annually into this country, and ten years ago the Fatherland practically held the monopoly in this trade. But times have changed, and while Germany still leads the way in certain kinds of cheap mechanical toys, especially those made of stamped tin, England runs her very close by dint of turning-out articles better made; while France has entered into the competition,

and every year sends over cheap toys in increasing numbers. But these three countries by no means share the trade between them. America has gone in strong for toys of late; and though, owing to high wages and labour troubles, the Yankees have not yet done very much in the way of penny articles, they have become formidable rivals in six-penny and shilling things, some of them of extreme ingenuity. The newest source of supply for very cheap things is Japan, whence thousands of gross of beautifully made, and often artistic penny toys are received annually, some of the most successful penn'orths of recent years hailing from the land of the chrysanthemum. Among the most striking of recent Japanese importations is the very beautifully-made butterfly which had so large a sale during the summer; the whistle which causes a paper lantern to revolve, as shown in the accompanying illustration; and the various birds of rare plumage which have been recently sold in such large numbers on the kerb. It



THE ACROBAT



THE WELL

is interesting to note that the very life-like fowls covered with real feathers, which have for so long been hawked about the streets, are all made in Japan,



TEN MINUTES' CLOCK

as are also the miniature fishing-rods with a gorgeous fish dependent at the end of a line.

Coming to the latest novelties in toys which will be sold about the streets in Christmas week, I am overwhelmed by the number and variety shown me by Mr. Whitton. After spending several hours in going from room to room and inspecting toys just unpacked from the manufacturers' cases, I inquired how much more there was to see, and was informed that I had only been through a dozen rooms, and that there were forty in all. This fact will serve to give an idea of the immense variety in which toys are now turned out.

The cleverest novelty of the present year is without doubt the Jubilee artist. This product of German ingenuity is made of stamped tin and intended to sell at a shilling, though at Christmas-time it is no unusual thing for the hawker to make a far bigger profit than that allowed by the supposititious selling price. This toy shows an artist seated

before an easel on a tin stand. In his hand he holds a miniature pencil, and on the handle affixed to the stand being turned, the artist draws a very correct outline head of the Queen. The drawing is so well done as to be instantly recognisable, and the feat is performed quickly or slowly according to the speed at which the handle is turned. Another noteworthy toy, also of German origin, but intended to be retailed at sixpence, is the mechanical leotard, a tin figure of an acrobat dependent from a horizontal bar. The figure is actuated by a clock-work attachment which not only causes the figure to swing on the bar and perform a clear somersault, but also to reverse from time to time. Another taking sixpennyworth is a well with windlass, to which buckets are fixed. The windlass revolves on the turning of a handle and the buckets draw water from out the well. A still more dainty sixpennyworth is a nicely silvered clock with hands, which, on being wound up, goes for ten minutes.

The latest novelty from France in the



"TUBEPHONE"

way of sixpenny toys, is the "Tube-phone," a framework of wood, along which a series of pieces of brass tube are suspended on cords. These when struck give out the notes of the harmonic scale, and enable one to play a tune. This toy is a marvel of ingenuity and cheapness, and is a great improvement on the old set of metal plates, which it will doubtless drive out of the market.

It is, however, satisfactory to note that the toy trade is not entirely in the hands of the foreigner. There are many cheap toys which are made in England, notably the improved tin soldiers, which are all made in the North of London. The penny cottage money-box depicted in our illustration is also of English manufacture, being the product of the ingenuity of an old lady who makes a living out of this article all her own work.

Among the penny toys now being sold to the hawkers are several of striking originality. Here, for instance, is a motor-car made of tin, with all details shown. This toy can be made to work on the top principle, the string being wound round a flanged wheel connected with the running gear. Here



MONEY-BOX

is another Japanese toy, a singing bird with real feathers; alongside a very cute French trick, comprising a pipe with a

wire bowl in which rests a celluloid ball. The ball is not connected in any way with the pipe, but it can be maintained in the air at a height of six inches from



A MOTOR-CAR

the bowl, by blowing through the tube, always falling back into the bowl on ceasing to blow.

Among other novelties, far too numerous to mention in detail, is a box of croquet with mallets, hoops, and balls, beautifully made and properly coloured; a complete set of dolls-house furniture, comprising a table, sofa, and four chairs; a tin locomotive and tender; a glass-covered box containing a collapsible tent, and tin soldiers; a complete dinner service, including serviettes in rings; a working sewing machine; a very ingenious buoy which floats on the water, and cannot be made to sink or capsize, despite that it carries a tall pole with a flag at top; a motor-car lamp, with green glass, oil reservoir and wick; a transparency shown with an assortment of pictures; a tin musical-box which plays a tune; a "petits chevaux," with four horses revolving on a pivot; a practicable brass cannon; and a double box of crayons containing two drawers with six coloured chalks in each. All of these are made to sell at one penny each, as is also a beautifully-made electro-plated steel knife, a mouth accordion with four notes, and a japanned paint-box containing a dozen cakes of colour and brush.

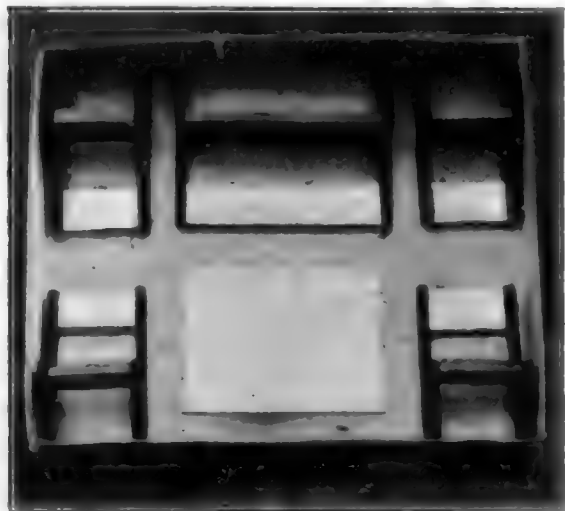
The toys are so marvellously cheap that one wonders how any profit can be made out of them. But my informant

assured me that there are three very good profits obtained out of them, as well as the cost of freight. The manu-



A CROQUET SET

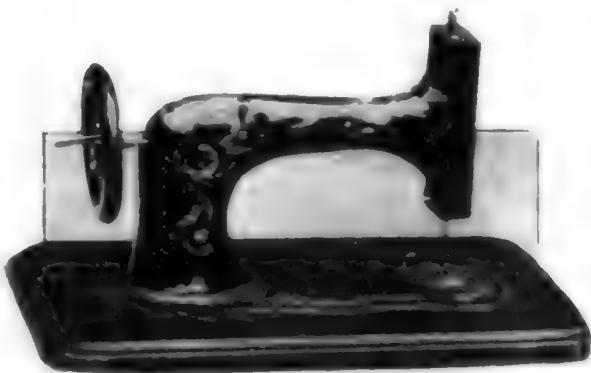
facturer reckons as a rule to get about 10 per cent. on the retail prices. The wholesale importer over here gets about the same. The hawker makes 25 per cent. or more. He will not sell an article at a lower margin, so that 45 per cent. of the selling price is taken up in the profits and the cost of carriage absorbs another 5 per cent., which means that the cost of manufacture must not exceed one-half the selling price. This fact



FOR THOSE ABOUT TO FURNISH

makes the cheapness all the more wonderful, as so-called penny toys are made for a halfpenny, and sixpenny toys for threepence.

On the subject of sales, my information is, naturally, somewhat vague; but I learned that the warehouseman looks to sell a thousand gross, equivalent to twelve thousand dozen, of any novelty that is smart and good value, and the sale achieved in anything which hits the public fancy is five or six times as great. Thus the imitation flowers made into button-holes which were sold about the streets Jubilee time, in posies of red, white and blue, ran into over a million. The flowers are made of celluloid and come from France. But I also gathered that many of the hawkers who speculated in Jubilee stuff failed to sell their stock



SEWING MACHINE

and lost heavily owing to the immense competition.

The hawkers are very cute and employ varied tactics in order to get the command of the market. Thus it is a common thing for five or six to combine when something specially saleable is brought out, and so buy up the whole supply. They then put up the price and make a good thing of it. Thus in the case of the elderly man who takes his hat off on pulling a string, which has been so largely sold about the streets this year, although this was sold at 9s. 6d. a gross, so as to be retailed at a penny each, the hawkers began by selling it at threepence, and it fetched twopence until the sale was practically exhausted. The same thing has taken place in connection with the extremely

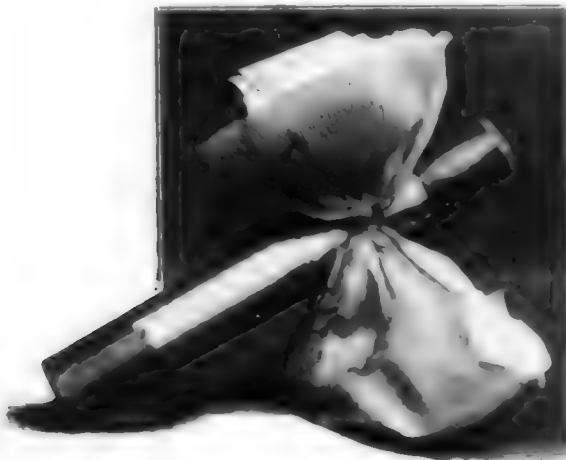
ingenious mechanical toy known as the kicking donkey, now being sold about the streets. This was intended to be retailed at one shilling, and was offered to the hawkers for nine shillings and sixpence a dozen. The cute merchants of the pavement immediately recognised the merits of the novelty, and some half a dozen combined to buy up the whole stock. This was effected within a few hours of the cases being unpacked, and the toy is fetching as much as half-a-crown in the hands of speculative vendors.

There is probably no industry which has gone through a greater change during the past decade than that of toy-making. The penny toys with which the present generation amused itself in its childhood are practically extinct. Of the various articles with which good little boys were rewarded for their prowess, the only one which still commands any sale is the air balloon, which during the spring and summer finds purchasers by the thousand, and these are stored in quantities sufficing to fill whole rooms. It is worth noting that the balloons are not stored in the form in which they are

sold. The wholesale dealer stocks and sells the balls in the form of little skin bags, and these are blown out by the retailer after he has taken them away. It would be interesting to learn whether the inflation is performed by actual blowing, or whether some form of air-pump is employed, but I have not been able to satisfy myself on this point.

And to come back to the dead donkey question, I asked what becomes of all the unsold or unsaleable toys.

Mr. Whitton grew mysterious and confidential. "I will tell you," he said, "and I don't think the fact has ever been made public. They are put into surprise packets." And then I was shown stacks and stacks of empty brown-paper bags waiting to be filled, each to become the depository of six penny toys which wouldn't fetch their price. These surprise packets are still very popular with children, and are largely bought for school treats and similar functions. The bags are sold closed, the fun consisting in not knowing what you have got till you have parted with your penny; and there is certainly a charm about the proceeding. I felt strongly tempted to invest in one myself.



Carol of the Trees

INTO the woods the message went,
Over the dry and yellowing bent;
"Christ is born—be ye well content,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Oak unto oak the message sped,
Silver birch to the beech-tree red
Leaned and whispered till all was said.

Olive-leaves to the song were set,
But gray and pale were the olives yet
With thinking long upon Olivet.

Lifted the ash her berries red:
"My gift to Him who for quick and dead
Is born this morning." And none gainsaid.

Aspens shook at the far wood-edge,
Though dreading nothing from axe and wedge,
Shook, though the weeds were still in the hedge.

Aspens shook as in storm they stood:
"Woeful use for our woeful wood!
Out, alas! for the Aspen Rood!"

Reeds were quivering that word to hear;
Bending over a wood-pool clear,
Every reed saw itself a spear.

Thorns in the high hedge did not know
Why they flinched from a sudden throe
And broke in flower through the falling snow.

"O!" they said, "is it time to die?
Or has the winter hurried by:
Do swift wings whiten the April sky?"

Yews stood dark to the rising sun,
Twenty cedars outcried as one:
"Hail to the King whose reign's begun."

Hawthorn and whitethorn flushed right fair,
With a mist of flowers on their branches bare,
Red and white in the clear, chill air.

Oaks and aspens and olives lift
The word of praise as the dawn-clouds rift;
And human speech is their grace and gift,
"On Christmas Day in the morning."

NORA HOPPER.



The Crutch Craze

WRITTEN BY ULYSSES ROGERS. ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR



HE man who sat opposite to me in the restaurant was a ruby-faced individual with a mouth nearly hidden by heavy chunks of fat, and with only a goat-like beard, proclaiming him from out West, to give anything like definite shape to his features.

He entered into conversation informally. Some of his remarks were not badly put, but he annoyed me considerably when he laughed heartily at the appearance of a poor fellow with crutches who hobbled past our table and took up his seat at the far end of the building.

"Always strikes me funny, anything like that does," he said.

"The fact of being crippled is scarcely a happy subject for mirth," I remarked.

"No, it ain't," he said. "I agree with you there. But mayhap you never heard of the crutch craze of Kerkas city. That's what started me."

"I am afraid I must confess to ignorance on the subject," I said. "I utterly fail, also, to grasp what you mean by a crutch craze."

"Well, that isn't surprising, I s'pose, if you never heard of the great craze that took hold of Kerkas for a month. Of the 800 men in the place there wasn't one but walked with crutches at one time, and half the women followed suit."

"But what was the object?" I said.

"Nothing," he replied, "except to be in the fashion. It was all owing to Phil Bickersdyke, the butter king of Chicago, you know, who had his country seat at Kerkas. Well,

Bickersdyke led the fashion out there. Whatever he happened to wear when he visited the place everybody else was bound to go in for, and he never failed to bring some fresh innovation from Chicago. The impression prevailed in them parts that Bickersdyke set the fashion for the world, and it was well understood that the Prince of Wales copied him regularly.

"If Bickersdyke wore a great coat in the height of summer, all Kerkas followed. If he had appeared in mid-



"HOBBLING OUT ON HIS CRUTCHES"

winter in bathing-pants and a collarette, it would have been understood that this was the correct thing, and the Bickersdyke fashion would have been the rage for the time being. Any citizen of Kerkas with any pretensions would as lief been dead as out of the Bickersdyke run.



"EMPHASIZING HIS POINTS"

"One day Bickersdyke took up a heavy bet with a Chicago friend to the effect that he would make Kerkas city follow him in any fashion suggested. A man on crutches was passing at the time, and the friend said: 'Well, get them to wear crutches for three weeks, and the stakes are yours.'

"Bickersdyke accepted the challenge right away, and started for Kerkas the next morning to win his dollars. He took with him a handsome pair of crutches, gold mounted, with crocodile skin rests for the arms, and the masts fairly ablaze with bunting, so to speak—that is, bows of ribbons of various hues.

"Directly he arrived at Kerkas he hobbled out of the station on his crutches, much to the wonderment of the officials, who proffered their services, and were curtly snubbed for their pains. He disdained the use of a buggy that was waiting outside, and commenced to stump his way through the main street in the direction of his house.

"The news that Phil Bickersdyke, Esq., had arrived, and was walking on crutches, preceded him, and the people flocked to their doors to see the extraordinary sight. Half way down the street the Mayor approached to commiserate.

"'I am grieved to notice your misfortune, sir,' he said, 'and you may take it from me, as speaking for Kerkas, that the whole city sympathises with you.'

"'Sir,' said Bickersdyke, resting upon one crutch and flourishing the other, 'what do you mean by such language? Look here, Henderson,' he continued, as the other covered before him, 'you're a decent fellow, and mean well, and all that, I don't doubt, but hang it, sir, what do you mean by your insults, and why do all these lunatics in this infernal city of yours stick their heads out of doors and gape at me? Isn't a man to be allowed to follow the fashion of the day without being glared at as if he were a travelling menagerie or a dime museum?'

"The Mayor was considerably shaken up, and retired with profuse apologies. Mr. Bickersdyke hobbled on up the street.

"Kerkas had never known such a sensation. Bickersdyke's crutches were discussed that night all over the city. The bar parlour, the dry goods store, the literary club, all took up the subject, and solemnly hammered out the pros and cons of the new fashion. It was agreed on all hands that a rising populous place like Kerkas could not be behindhand in any civilising movement. If the large centres had taken to crutches, Kerkas must follow.

"And Kerkas did. Next morning, Judge Perkins, as befitted his position, led the way, and he hadn't been abroad with his timber attenuations more than an hour before the Mayor was in the street, stumping his way around with the aid of a couple of wooden wing supports. The thing caught on rapidly. Once during the day Bickersdyke gave his decorated props an airing just to help the movement along, and at night-fall 50 per cent. of the upper crust of the town, from the Judge down to Hake Peterson, the tinned meat man, were careering about on four extremities.

"By the next evening the other half of the *élite* had been converted from the error of their ways, and the lower orders were throwing in their lot with Bickersdyke and the Judge and the other pioneers of civilisation. In less than a week every human being in Kerkas who was capable of doing anything above crawling was jogging along on pine stumps.

"It seems queer to think about, but the craze had fairly caught on.

"And they were crutches, some of them! There were gold and silver-mounted crutches, crutches with patent pneumatic paddings, brass-tipped and india-rubber rounded crutches, crutches with joints for folding and packing, crutches fitted with wheels for skating over the side-walk, crutches with spikes to be used as potato drills, sword crutches, collapsible crutches, umbrella crutches, patent bootjack crutches, every kind of crutch conceivable, from the smartly burnished, handsomely upholstered implement of the rich to the rough-and-ready stick and cross-piece of the poor.

"Of course, it was not long before it leaked out that the whole thing was a hoax on the part of Bickersdyke, who had pocketed his bet; but the town had got so set on the novelty of the thing that everybody settled down to the habit, and declined to give it up. Crutch balls, crutch rambles, crutch picnics became the rage. The local policeman was furnished with one as an additional aid to the maintaining of order, and the Judge got into quite a pretty way of emphasizing his points in court with crutch comments.

"Dexterity on the crutch came to be regarded as a fine art. Any idiot, it was argued, could steer himself over the earth on two ordinary meat and bone legs, but it took skill and talent to stump about on four supports, two of which were timber and detachable.

"The movement was voted the best

ever taken up by Kerkas, for the place became popularised, and excursion trains ran from all parts of the continent. Agents advertised the place in their guide books, and tourists 'did' the Kerkas Crutch Craze like they might 'do' the Falls, or Salt Lake, or the Bowery, or any other truly great American novelty.

"Dollars flowed merrily into Kerkas, and lasting fame and riches seemed to have settled on the place. The crutch industry had grown to tremendous proportions, and rival towns were commencing the craze, when one day the thing was brought to a sudden and ignominious conclusion.

"It all arose through the indiscretion



"AT THE COUNCIL."

of Councillor Shoolbred, who, at the Council one day in a moment of excitement during a speech, unfortunately enforced his argument by dealing his opponent, ex-senator Johnson, a blow over the head with his wooden accessory.

Johnson happened to be pretty popular, and before Shoolbred realised what was happening he was called to order with the boom end of the Mayor's heavily mounted crutch of office. Shoolbred reeled under the blow, but in a moment he had recovered, and proceeded to draw first blood by jabbing the Mayor in the jaw with the patent non-slipping iron tip with which his implement was rigged.

"Within five seconds the Council was on its feet, hitting out kicks with the leg superseders right and left. The battle surged into the street, and sup-

had long been coming to a head, and now it had come it found the place armed for the emergency. The dandy crutch, fancied by the aristocracy, which chiefly favoured the Johnsonian side of the struggle, was not by any means so effective as the more substantial iron and brass-tipped support of the demo-



"THE BATTLE SURGED INTO THE STREET"

porters rushed in to the assistance of either side. It only took ten minutes before Kerkas was in the throes of a civil crutch war.

"I'll say this for Kerkas that there never was any half-heartedness about the place, and the citizens did not show any divided measures about that day's proceedings. The differences between the rival Johnson and Shoolbred factions

cracy, which opposed, and the Shoolbreds were scoring a majority of dead and dying, when the militia, which had been called in from a neighbouring town, arrived, and brought to an inglorious termination what seemed likely to prove an interesting and well-intentioned pastime.

"The next day crutches had gone out of fashion."

Are Burglars Baffled?

WRITTEN BY ROBERT MACHRAY. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

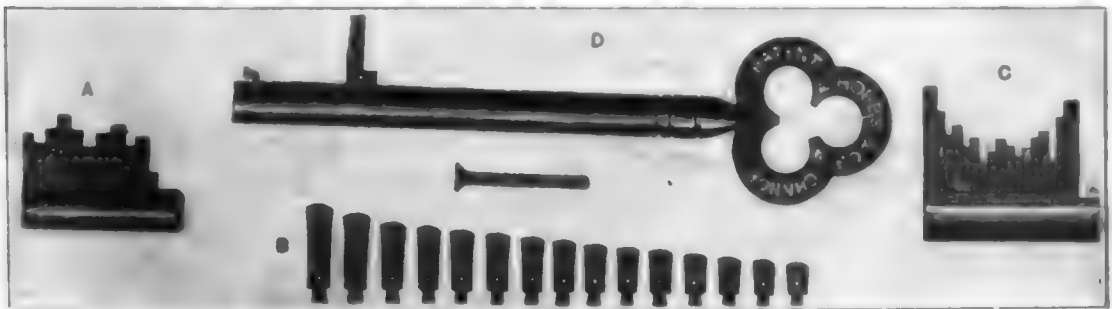


"**S**AFES! Why, sir," said the manager of one of the largest safe-making companies in the world to me the other day, when I called upon him with a view to obtaining facts for the purpose of this article, "I do not believe that, if you took all the safes in England, ninety per cent. of them can be declared to be burglar-proof. You see, so long as a safe has not been

men have made, another man or another set of men can unmake."

"Still, I imagine," said I, "you do get as near as possible to completely baffling all the skill of the most expert burglar, do you not?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "What we do is this: We interpose such obstacles in the way of the most consummate artist in the destruction of safes—obstacles of time, place, and other circumstances—as to make burglary practically impossible. Each year has seen a more marked development in the safeguarding of safes, so to say. Nor is there



COMBINATION KEY

exploited by a burglar, a poor, cheap safe is quite as good as the strongest that can be made. So people go on in their fancied security from day to day. Then you hear of a burglary. Much is said of the cleverness and ingenuity of the successful burglar; little, however, is heard of the poorness of the safe."

"I suppose," said I, "that there is such a thing as an absolutely thief-proof, burglar-proof safe?"

"No, sir," replied my informant, "there is no such thing on earth as a safe, or a safe-deposit, or a vault, or a treasure-chamber of any kind whatever, that can be said to be absolutely burglar-proof. For what one man has made, or a set of

any finality in this business. For while each year has seen this improvement of which I speak in the manufacture of safes, each year has also seen what might be called a corresponding development on the part of the burglar. With the aid of chemistry and electricity he is an infinitely more formidable adversary than he was, say, even ten years ago."

After some further conversation with my courteous guide, he proceeded to show me the most recent achievements in the manufacture of locks and keys, and also of safes.

The most primitive of all safes was, no doubt, a hole dug in the ground. Then treasure-houses of stone were built, each having their secret entrances,

the key to which was secured beyond peradventure by the execution of the original builders. There is a story of an Eastern monarch of our own time—



CROMWELL'S SAFE

and the story sounds as if it were true—who protects his hoards by placing the precious stones, gems, and gold of which he is possessed in the hollowed-out trunks of trees; the trees are then cast into a deep pool swarming with crocodiles, and so perfect is this gruesome “safe” that it is not easy to see how even the king himself can get at any part of his treasure without having all these monsters killed.

The most essential parts of a safe are the lock and key. I was more than struck by the fact, which was brought to my notice by the gentleman to whom I have already alluded, that the most elaborate locks and keys now made by such firms as Chubb's, Hobbs', Milners', and other manufacturers, are in principle, though not of course in detail, the same as the keys and locks made by the Egyptians of a time before even that of Moses. There have always been thieves, I imagine, pretty well from the first, so it is not, therefore, so surprising that we

have locks and keys mentioned in the earliest literatures of the world. So far as modern times are concerned—towards the end of last century came the Bramah

lock, and during the next few years following several other varieties based upon the same lines. The next most important development was the Chubb's lock, brought out under various patents by the founder of the renowned firm. In 1851 an American, afterwards the head of the great house of Hobbs, Hart and Co., came to England, and demonstrated that there was no lock then in use which could not be picked. Since that time many small details of construction have been elaborated, so that makers of the first rank maintain, and no doubt quite truly, that they turn out locks which

successfully defy the most delicate tools of the burglar.

In an article of this kind, it is of course quite impossible to go at all fully into the mechanical details connected with any particular unpickable key-lock. But I may be permitted to mention that the key in the best safes can be taken to pieces, as is shown in the accompanying illustration. In this instance, the bits marked B, technically known as steps, can be transposed in no less than 1,307,674,368,000 ways, thus making it impossible for any duplicate key to be made to fit this particular lock. For if a fresh combination is made every night, it will take more years than have elapsed since the world began—even from the geological standpoint—to exhaust the possible combinations which can be made with that key—each combination making in effect a different key each night *per saecula saeculorum*. Not much use in making a wax cast of such a key. Here the thief appears to be completely

baffled. Suppose, then, that we have a perfect key and an unpickable lock, there still remains that the lock should be made gunpowder-proof or explosive-proof. This also has been achieved by various mechanical devices which allow the powder, &c., when inserted in the key-hole, to run through the lock and to escape.

In this country and on the Continent the lock and key are in general use for the secure fastening of safes. What is

With regard to safes I think there has been more improvement, perhaps, than with respect to keys. Indeed, it was not until the present century that anything deserving the name of a safe was made. Our ancestors were content to place their valuables in an oak chest, such as that which belonged to Oliver Cromwell, and is shown here in the accompanying illustration. How far we have travelled from that time will be noticed by comparing the safe which belonged to the great



ONE OF THE LARGEST SAFES
IN THE WORLD

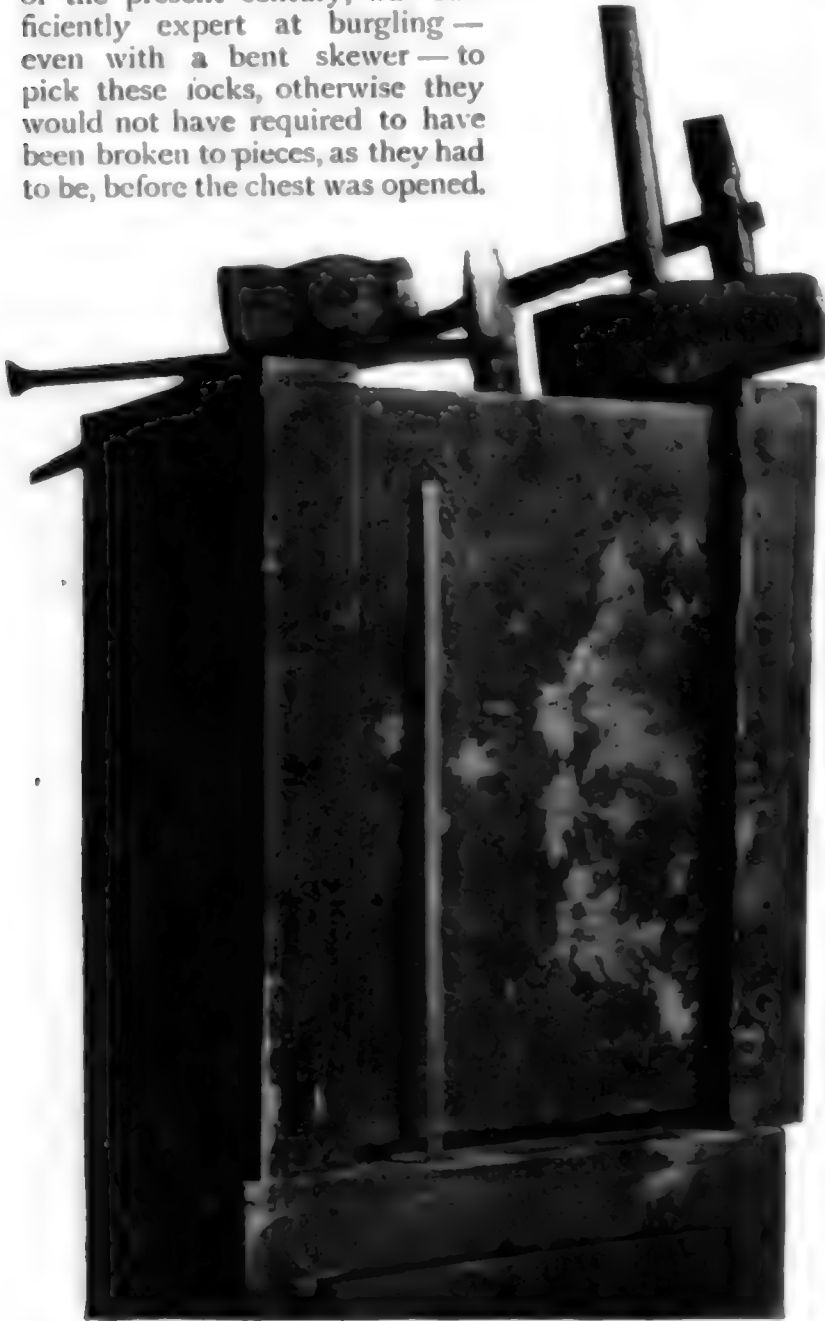
known as the combination lock—a keyless lock, a movable disc having figures marked upon it taking the place of the key—is in general use in America.

Attempts have been made to introduce the American safe into England, but without much success. I made inquiries as to whether what I may call the English system of lock and key did not present more of an opportunity to the burglar than the American. "If our safes were easier to crack than the American," I was told, "you may be quite sure that the highly-skilled American burglar would soon make his home in this country. He doesn't."

Lord Protector and that built recently for a bank in Scotland—a steel structure (a house, one might say), seventeen feet high, fifteen feet deep, and thirteen feet wide; or that other safe shown on this page above the inscription, "One of the largest safes in the world."

The truth is, our ancestors did not require to have these elaborate precautions against burglars, as is shown by the following incident. The Crown jewels of Scotland were deposited in a strong chest of oak in 1707. The lid of this chest was secured by three locks, each of which had to be forced open in the year 1818, in the presence of Royal

Commissioners appointed for the purpose, because the keys had been lost. Neither locksmith nor mechanic of a time, therefore, so recent as the beginning of the present century, was sufficiently expert at burgling—even with a bent skewer—to pick these locks, otherwise they would not have required to have been broken to pieces, as they had to be, before the chest was opened.



SAFE WITH IMPLEMENTS USED ON IT

The first safes made of metal came into the country from abroad, and consisted simply of iron frames covered with sheet iron. It seems clear that the safe, as we now know it, was at first designed to preserve treasure and valuables of whatever kind rather from fire

than from the burglar. As a matter of fact, some time elapsed before it was understood that the burglar was to be feared even more than fire. The last step of all was the manufacture of a safe which would not only resist fire, but at the same time completely baffle the burglar.

Chests of wrought iron were first made in London; cast iron chests had for some years before been made at Birmingham and other places. In 1827 Thomas Milner, a tinner at Sheffield, commenced the manufacture of sheet iron boxes, and subsequently of strong plate iron safes and chests. The safe of the present day has gradually been evolved from these beginnings.

We are all tolerably familiar with the outward appearance of safes, but few of us have any idea of the extraordinary skill which is brought to bear upon their manufacture.

There are two or three things necessary for a safe to be "burglar-proof." Enough has already been said about the lock and key. The next most important thing is that the outer case or shell must be sufficiently strong not only to withstand all

violent attempts to break it open, but also that the material of which it is composed shall be so dense that it cannot be drilled. A third point is that the door must be so carefully fitted to close that no passage or crevice is left for the insertion of a wedge, chisel, or

other instrument. Another object aimed at is that the ends of rivets, studs or pivots employed to fix the lock case, door-frame or any of the internal fittings, shall not on any account appear on the outside.

Different makers manufacture the case or shell in different ways, but the general principle seems to be pretty much the same. The material used is made of steel, formed of alternate layers of hard and soft metal, the outermost case of all being of chilled steel, the whole being welded together under enormous pressure into a solid sheet. The thicker this material is the greater the resistance it offers to the burglar, but the main object in using the alternate layers of soft and hard steel is that the hard steel provides the necessary resistance to the drill of the burglar, while the soft steel, suppose he has managed by the aid of the blow-pipe or an electric current in getting through the first line of defence, prevents the plate being broken by a chisel or other implement.

During the massacres in Constantinople a year or two ago, determined efforts were made to break open the safes standing in the offices of some of the great merchants of that city. In the accompanying illustration, for which I have to thank Messrs. Milner and Co., the implements used upon these safes with a view to their destruction will be seen above the safes, while what look like splashes upon the door are the evidences of the blows showered upon the safes themselves.

Not so long ago the burglar relied upon files, jemmies and various kinds of drills wherewith to effect an entrance into a safe. The file and the jemmy have been discarded; the best safes are made of steel upon which no ordinary drill will make the slightest impression. With regard to inferior safes, the burglar's mode of procedure is to drill holes all round the lock and to remove it, an entrance being thus easily effected. In the illustration, "A drilled door," it will be noticed that the burglars have removed the lock from the safe-door in this manner.

The burglar of our time is enough of

a chemist to understand the use of, perhaps to manufacture even, high explosives, such as nitro-glycerine. It is with respect to the use of such a substance—or, rather, to prevent the using of such a substance—that so much care is taken in fitting the safe-doors, the passage left between the door and the outer shell being so small that it is impossible almost to insert the point of a needle between them.

I do not think that it has been tried



A DRILLED DOOR

in England yet, but in America burglars have made successful assaults upon safes by employing the electric current to fuse or melt a sufficient portion of the surface of the outer shell of the safe to admit of their drills being used upon the lock.

With a view to defeating the burglar who is both a chemist and an electrician, safes are now made double—that is, one safe of great strength is placed inside another of as great or even greater. Should the attempt be made to destroy such safes by means of high explosives, it is almost certain that the contents of

the safes would also be destroyed, the burglar thus spoiling his own game.

When a fusing apparatus is brought into requisition by the burglar, it consists of a cylinder of compound oxygen and hydrogen gas, which supplies a short section of piping, terminating in an iron cup. The latter is pressed firmly against the door after a light has been applied, and a stream of flame issues from the end of the pipe in its bottom. So fierce

Many houses are now fitted up with what are known as "burglar alarms," consisting of electrical contrivances placed in different positions about the safe. The burglar can scarcely avoid trampling on or touching one or other of these concealed wires, when immediately a bell sounds forth, and his little plot is discovered. In America there are organised companies which insure valuables from the clutches of burglars



THE SAFEGUARD OF "MILNER'S SAFES"

is this flame that it melts the metal in the ordinary safe-door, and eats a jagged hole through it in a remarkably short space of time.

Give the burglar time, and he will effect an entrance into almost any safe that is without some further protection than that given by the safe itself. This has led to the introduction of "safe deposits," where patrols or guards watch the safes night and day. The Bank of England has long had its military guard on duty every night, and the Bank of France is protected in a similar manner.

by a system somewhat similar to that just described, the only difference being that the alarms are sent on from the particular place attacked to a central office. As soon as this message has been received a picket or patrol is sent on with all possible speed to the place, which is quickly and noiselessly surrounded, and the burglar is taken red-handed.

For the last of our illustrations, which explains itself, we are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of *Commerce*.

The Pen that Remembered

WRITTEN BY H. D. LOWRY. ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER



It was the end of a February day. The huge studio had been deserted by its owner because of the failing light; but he had left a splendid fire, and so Doris and the Visitor, invading the place for a moment, were tempted to stop on.

"Is there a story in your head?" asked Doris presently, when they were comfortably settled.

The Visitor looked around him as if in the hope of gathering inspiration from one or other of the ghostly canvases that stood against the walls, and on a couple of easels. "I don't think there is," he said at last. "Do you want one very badly?"

"Of course, I do," said Doris. "I am never so happy as when I am hearing a new story—if it is beautiful."

"There are lots of people like that, Doris," said the Visitor. "Well, did you ever hear the story of the magic pen? I don't think you can have, for I have only just thought of it."

Doris moved her eager body impatiently in the draperies on which she sat, as if to find a position of lasting comfort. "Tell me," she pleaded.

"Once upon a time," began the Visitor, "in a far country, but not so long ago, there lived a widow who had an only son."

Doris interrupted, for she was something critical in the matter of openings. "There are lots of stories like that," she murmured, with a restless stir of the draperies.

"You wait a little," said the Visitor. The widow's husband had died when

the child was young, and so he was all she had left in life to care. She lived in a small white cottage. At the back of it there was a tiny orchard, where daffodils grew in spring among the grass, and hart's-tongue ferns upon the hedges. The front garden was smaller still. A pathway all paved with white pebbles led straight to the door, and on either side there was just enough grass to hold a bed in which a fuchsia-bush grew. The door was painted green and had a brass knocker; there were four windows with white blinds."

"Go on, please," said Doris, who recognised the cottage described, and began to be interested.

"Well, the son was his mother's only joy for a great many years, and he was all the joy she wanted. As the years went by she became old and wrinkled and weak, and her hair turned grey. But she never thought of this, because she was always watching her son, who grew taller and stronger and more handsome. Unhappily, he did not grow in wisdom quite so rapidly. He began to think that for a person like himself the village was altogether too small a place; and when he came home (often late at night) he used to look with contempt at the little house where he had been born.

"So his mother began to have sorrow mixed up with her joy and pride, for she did not know what to do to put an end to his discontent. She loved him as much as ever, and I think the son loved her after a fashion, though he sometimes spoke roughly to her. At any rate, he used to say he was sorry, and kiss her, and think she had forgotten his words. But one day the mother's heart was almost broken: her son had disappeared, leaving only a note to say that he had gone into a distant country to seek his fortune and see the world.

"Everything had gone out of the mother's life. The little cupboard of a house seemed to echo with emptiness as she moved about in it; and when she went out, even into the busiest places, it seemed to her that the great world

ever, and there were always flowers in the window to welcome him if he should come back. But there was never any news; and she grew older and older, until one day a sailor-man came from oversea. The mother heard his footsteps



"'IS THERE A STORY IN YOUR HEAD?'"

echoed in the same way, being also empty. It was all because he was away, and because she had nothing to do but pray for news of him."

"And didn't he come back?" asked Doris, out of the shadows.

"For a long time the mother lived alone. The house was as well-swept as

on the path, and thought it was her son. But the stranger used the brass knocker, and before she opened the door she knew it was only a messenger.

"You have news of my son?" she cried.

"The sailor had not much news. He could not tell her much, for that would

have broken her heart. The son had fallen into foolishness: he was like the prodigal. But the sailor told her of an address at which a letter would reach him, and that was enough to make her glad. She compelled the sailor to eat some food and to drink some of the mead she made from her honey. Then she thanked him again, and as soon as he had left the house she went into the orchard and found a common goose-quill, and cut it into a pen. For the sake of what comes after you should remember that it was just a common goose-quill.

"She went back into her house and lit the lamp, and all that evening she was writing him a letter."

"Did she print it?" asked Doris, who demanded of her correspondents that their calligraphy should be of the clearest.

"She had not to write much, Doris, and so her ordinary handwriting was of a sort you could read. And it really was not much of a letter, for the old lady was not clever. There were many things she might have told him that would have interested him, but she only put one into the letter, though it was a long one. She was like some silly little bird that can only sing one song of a few notes, and must sing it over again if it wants to go on making music. She remembered the helpless baby she had been so proud of, and wrote, 'I love you, dear; come back.' Then she thought of the tiny child he had been when he first walked, and to him she wrote, 'I love you, dear; come back.' She thought of all the boys he had ever been, and last of all of the boy who had said hard words and gone into a far country forgetting her. To him she wrote, 'I love you, dear; come back. My heart is breaking for you.' When the letter was finished she went to bed, and the next morning she posted it. Now, that day she was continually thinking of what she had written, and she could not be sure that the letter was what it should have been. 'He will be a little ashamed,' she said. 'He was always sorry for the things he did. Perhaps I wasn't loving enough.' So she sat down and wrote him the same letter again, saying, 'I love you, dear;

come back. I love you, dear; come back,' just as that little foolish bird sings its song of a few notes over and over again. Day after day she wrote a letter in the evening and posted it in the morning, only to write another before she went to bed for fear she had not spoken lovingly enough."

"Did he come back to her?" asked Doris.

"He was a prodigal, and when a man is that he finds it hard to go back, though perhaps he is sorry. The son got letter after letter, and each of them made him sorrier; but he did not go back. The mother went on writing, and after a long time there came a letter that made him say, 'I will go back.' 'I love you, dear; come back,' she had written. 'My heart is breaking for you.' He saw how weak and trembling the handwriting was, and he repented. He made up his mind to do some honest work and get the money that should pay for his journey back. But first he wrote his mother: 'I am very sorry, mother,' he said. 'In a week I hope to be able to start for home, and I will never leave the little white house again.'

"At last he came home. Often in the last few days he had thought of how he would open the gate and run to the door, to find his mother there with her arms open. But he stood at the gate for a long time, and when he walked up the pathway he did so slowly and with a heavy heart. The white blinds were down: he knew that his mother was dead.

"They told him afterwards that she had never known sorrow from the moment when she received his letter. She had been busy day after day in setting the house to rights and making ready to welcome him. There was one thing over which she was specially glad, for her eyesight had grown bad and her fingers stiff. 'I shall never need to write another letter,' she said. But she had grown fond of the goose-quill pen, and so she wiped it carefully and put it away in a drawer where she kept all her dearest treasures. Then, on the night before he came back, she went to bed, and while she was sleeping, died. Her death was



"HE WAS A PRODIGAL"

just like the rose's death you told me of, that dreams in the moonlight and does not know its petals are falling until they are all fallen and its scent goes out in the wind. She was as happy as any rose can be that night. The last thing that anyone heard her say was: 'I am the gladdest woman in the world. My boy will be here to-morrow, I am sure.'

The Visitor paused, and Doris, the firelight on her hair, questioned him a trifle indignantly. "Is that the end?"

"Why," he answered, "as a matter of fact it is only the beginning."

"It sounded like an end," said Doris, still aggrieved. "You've killed the poor old mother."

"The story is all about the pen," said the Visitor, "and you remember that the mother had put it away in her drawer. The son found it there, and guessed all about its history; and when he had seen the other treasures he knew how much

his mother had loved him. He made up his mind to keep his promise and live on in the little house, and for some time he did nothing but think of the days when he had deserted her, and repent bitterly. He was repenting all the rest of his life, but soon he saw that he must find some business. He thought about it a great deal, and made up his mind that gardening is the only really important business in the world so long as you don't trouble your head about vegetables. So he became a gardener, and, because he was always thinking as he moved about among the flowers—because also he had sinned deeply, and bitterly repented—he grew wiser than most men, and after a time was much consulted by people who were in trouble. He advised them so well that he grew quite famous, and after a time the people in those parts always said to a friend who was in difficulties: 'Go and see the Gardener at the

little white house. He will tell you what to do.'

"Now one day there came to him a very rich gentleman. He was in great sorrow. His only daughter, Marjory, had fallen in love with a poor poet and got married to him. The poet was a good man, but the father only knew that he was poor; and so he was angry with his daughter, and would not forgive her until she had left her husband. This, of course, she could not do. The father did not like the idea of consulting a mere gardener, but he had done all he could, without avail; and so he came to the little white house.

"They tell me you are very wise,' he said. 'Can you tell me what I must do in order to bring back a thankless child to a sense of what is right?'

"I should be able to do that,' said the Gardener, very sadly. 'A poor old woman did as much for me. Will you tell me how matters are?'

"The father was only half-way through his story when the Gardener stopped him. 'Excuse me,' he said, feeling in his pocket for his keys. He ran upstairs, and soon came back carrying the goose-quill pen.

"When you write letters to your daughter——' he began.

"But the father interrupted, almost angrily: 'How do you know that I write her letters?' he cried. 'I have cast her off.'

"You love her,' said the Gardener. 'You write her many letters, some of which you burn. I will lend you this pen, the most precious thing I have. When you write letters to her, use this pen.'

"But it is worn out,' cried the father. 'I don't believe I could write my name with it.'

"Try,' said the Gardener. He found paper and ink, and the father tried. He had been correct in what he said: he could not write his name, for when he tried to do that the pen wrote *Darling Daughter*; and when he crossed that out angrily and tried again, it wrote *Dear little Marjory*.

"Take it away with you,' said the Gardener. 'I promise you that happiness shall be yours again.'

"The father grumbled a good deal, but he took the pen and went back to his home. He felt that he was foolish to believe in what the Gardener said, and walked on the dark side of the road lest people should recognise him and guess that he believed a mere goose-quill pen—and an old one at that—was going to do away with his trouble. Yet as soon as he had got home he shut his study door and began to write a letter to Marjory."

"And what happened?" asked Doris, leaning her head against the Visitor's knee.

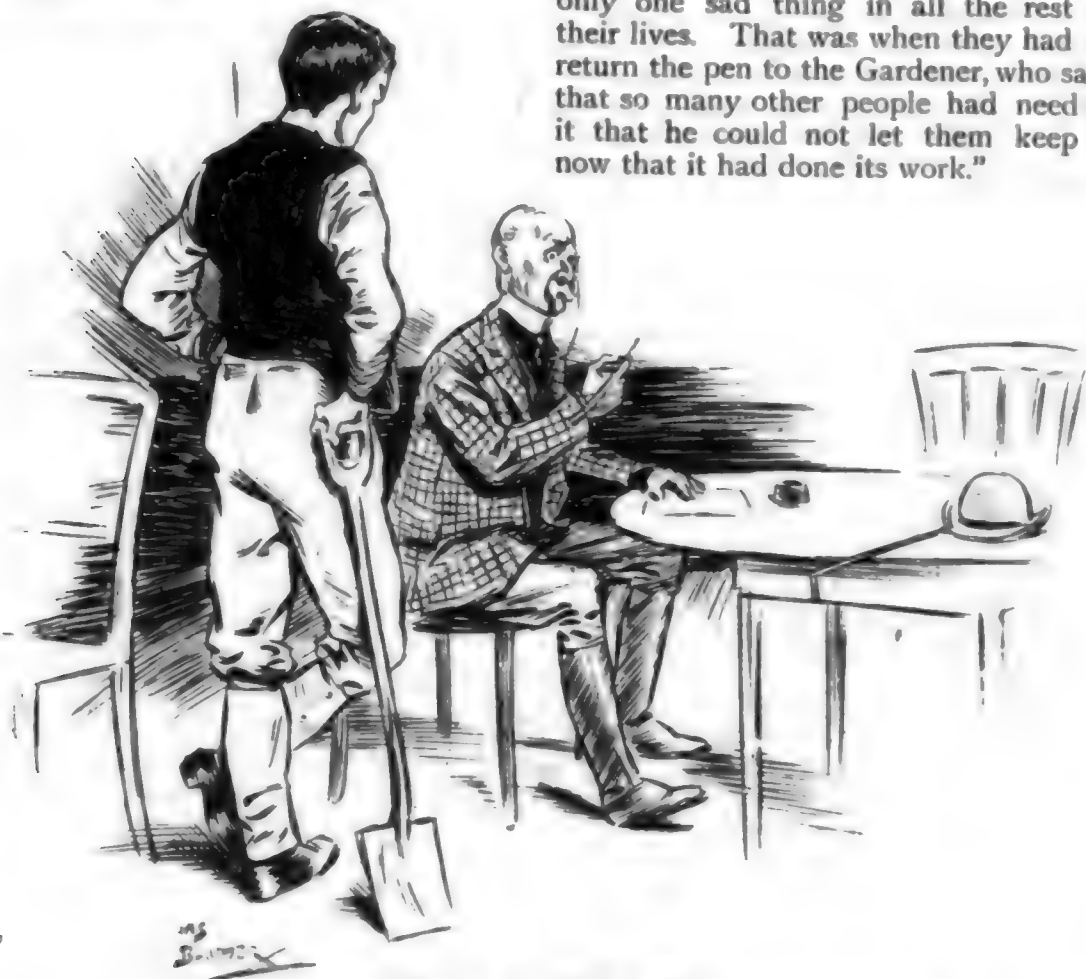
"Nobody ever quite knew," said he. "It is certain that the father was still angry with the Poet, though he loved his daughter. I believe he sat down intending to tell her once more that if she would leave her husband and come back, he would be very glad to receive her. He did not know that the pen had only written loving letters ever since the old mother made it a pen, and that it had written these for so long a time that it could write no others. Perhaps he thought, when he put it into its envelope, that it was just like the others he had written. You may depend that he was wrong, for the pen could not have written them. Indeed, it was almost like a living creature, so you may say it would not write them.

"The father went on writing letters. It was a worn, old pen, but somehow it fitted comfortably into the hand, and he was never so happy as when he was using it. But he soon found that he must not use it for business letters: it would have been stupid to begin 'My darling child' when he was writing an order to a coal merchant. Sometimes he got angry half-way through one of the lovely letters the pen made him write, and he did his best to make it different. It was no good; he could not stop the pen except by tearing up the letter. Can you guess what happened? The pen began to make a difference in him, as well as in the letters he wrote with it. So one day he took a clean sheet of paper, and some fresh ink, and spoke to the pen. 'You are much cleverer than I,' he said, 'but you can-

not be half so fond of Marjory. Write what you think best.' So the pen wrote."

"What?" asked Doris.

the Poet collected her wraps. And Marjory and the Poet lived there ever afterwards, and they and the father had only one sad thing in all the rest of their lives. That was when they had to return the pen to the Gardener, who said that so many other people had need of it that he could not let them keep it now that it had done its work."

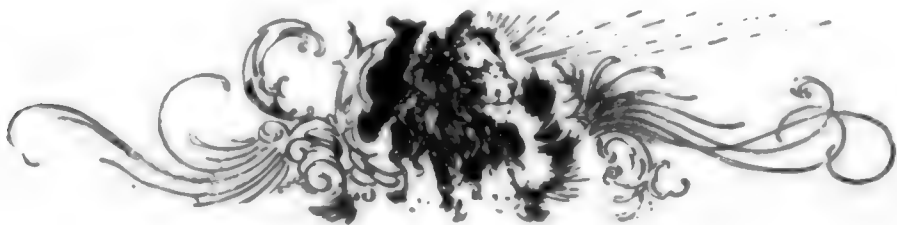


"BUT IT IS WORN OUT"

"I don't think that matters. All that I know is that three days later he told his servants he expected friends, and bade them get the best room ready, and put roses everywhere. At six he had the carriage ordered round and drove to the station. At seven the carriage drove up to the door again, and when the servants opened it they saw the father helping Marjory out, while

The Visitor paused. The fire was low, and it was clearly close upon dinner-time. Doris did not speak until they had locked the studio door and were climbing the steep lane towards her home. Then, "Do you think the old mother knew?" she asked.

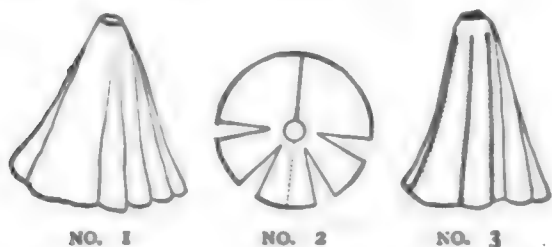
"Of course she did," answered the Visitor, with a confidence he sometimes lacked. "Why, it was all her doing."



The Fashions of the Month

THE REMODELLING OF DRESSES

TAKING it for granted that the skirt you are to alter is one of the flat, round ones, measuring not less than seven yards, I should advise you, after having ripped and brushed your material,



to spread it out, and then slash it in four places, so as to form separate panels for the front and sides, taking out by this means the superfluous width, which will still leave sufficient fulness in the back. In joining the seams I would advise the concealing of them with braid, straps of velvet, jet piping, velvet ribbon, passementerie, or whatever in that line is best suited to your fabric. The skirt itself is shown in its ancient condition in illustration No. 1; the new skirt in its crudity in illustration No. 2, while the finished fashionable skirt, ready to be assumed, is shown in illustration No. 3. If your material demands hair-cloth do not let the border of it around the lower edge be less than two, nor more than four, inches wide. The amateur is also warned against using any of the wire or bone stiffeners around the edge of the dress skirts, as they will surely cause the skirt to come out in curves.

The large sleeve, that stamps your bodice as belonging to the style of a year ago, may be altered into a more modern shape by cutting it properly and allowing the slight fulness at the top that is

fancied. Much better than I can explain is the transformation shown in illustration No. 4, where a bodice with its new sleeve has the old sleeve just below it. The old sleeve in illustration No. 5 lies flat, and above it is the new one as it will be when it is cut out of the old sleeve.

Undoubtedly the popular bodice of the season is the jaquette blouse, pictured in illustration No. 6. This is shown with its basque skirt, made of rounded



NO. 4

tabs, although, if preferred, a perfectly plain skirt may take its place.

Very often a bodice which is well-fitting, quite in style and becoming, shows down the front

NO. 5



evident signs of wear; the buttonholes may have a strained look and the fronts appear decidedly shabby. For this the particularly good design in illustration No. 7 is advised. It shows how the bodice may be cut out at the neck and down the front, and a cloth plastron inserted which may be trimmed with braid or whatever is best suited to the background.

The costume of dark blue cloth, shown in illustration No. 8, having a jacket to match, and elaborately trimmed with military braid, is a particularly simple and stylish walking dress, remodelled from a cloth gown of last year which had a much longer coat and a much fuller skirt.

The handsome gown in illustration No. 9 was remodelled from a rich

brocade of blue and black. The skirt was altered to suit the more modern ideas, and an almost entirely new bodice arranged of cream-coloured figured net, over which was a divided bolero of dark blue satin richly embroidered with steel and silver beads, while just in front was a narrow plastron that harmonised with the bolero, and tended to make the waist, about which was a belt, appear smaller. The sleeves of brocade were made over from the old ones, which were much larger. The neck finish was a band of blue satin, with bows of the same material at the back. It is true that often one can produce out of two gowns that contrast in colour which is effective. But this effect is seldom good, unless the two materials also contrast. Even then they need a third, something in the way of fur, velvet, or a heavy trimming of braid, to unite them. A



BOVRIL

WE ARE MORE CAREFUL

about the outside of the body than the inside, and yet what is the use of good clothing when the owner is too ill to wear it?

BOVRIL

builds up the body by means of strengthening, sustaining, stimulating, nourishment, which fortifies the system against prevalent ailments.



BOVRIL LIMITED, Food Specialists and Hospital Purveyors, LONDON.

Contractors to Her Majesty's and Foreign Governments.

Chairman: The Right Hon. LORD PLAYFAIR, G.C.B., LL.D.



NO. 8

remodelled dress will only be a success when it is made to look like a new costume. And this appearance can only be obtained by the exercise of much thought and taste.

FOR EVENING WEAR.

White in all fabrics will be extremely popular for evening dresses this season. For young girls the inexpensive silks, the soft wools and fine muslins, while for older ladies heavier silks, brocades and satins will obtain. A Parisian authority gives, next to white, as the fashionable colours for evening wear, gray, yellow, pale blue, purple, red and green. Ribbons in satin and velvet are popular for trimmings. Bright orange in satin or velvet used as belts, rosettes or any small decoration is specially successful as a trimming on white, black or gray. Black satin skirts continue to be

given great favour, and a wise young matron, wishing to be economical, can have several fancy bodices, each of different colour and material, to wear with her black skirt, and then by an artistic use of belts or sashes each may be made to seem a different toilette.

The bodices illustrated on next page are all cut with pointed, square or round necks, but for any one who objects to an open bodice a filling of thin gauze or an adjustable guimpe may be added. Belts of contrasting velvet, with clasps or under quaintly-folded bows of the same material, give an original finish to evening gowns. With light fabrics the belt is often of black velvet. The skirt with many flounces obtains in silk muslin, but cannot be quoted as inexpensive, as it is easily crushed and most conspicuous.

The dainty party dress for a young girl shown in illustration No. 10 is made



NO. 9

MELLIN'S FOOD

For INFANTS & INVALIDS.

12, Regency Square, Brighton,
June 11th, 1897.

Messrs. Mellin's Food, Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—Mrs. Edward H. Gill has much pleasure in enclosing photo of her little son, taken on his first birthday, when he weighed 27 lbs., who has been brought up on Mellin's Food.

Mrs. Gill has proved it to be the finest possible Food for Infants, and recommends all mothers who wish to have sturdy, healthy and happy children to use no other.

**Mellin's Food when prepared is
similar to Breast Milk.**

SAMPLES POST FREE FROM

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford St., Peckham, S.E.

HEWETSONS TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.

*House Furnishers, Decorators,
and Carpet Factors.*

For Yuletide Gifts

See **HEWETSONS**

ILLUSTRATED & PRICED CATALOGUE.

GOODS CARRIAGE PAID.

HEWETSONS have the Largest
Stock of **CARVED OAK**
in the World.

If you want to Purchase a
Single Article or **FURNISH A**
HOUSE, see **HEWETSONS**
CATALOGUE FREE.





NO. 11

of pale blue China silk. The skirt, which flares, is trimmed with one deep and three narrow ruffles of Chantilly lace, the three narrow ones being set apart at regular intervals above the wide lower frill. The bodice is a bolero jacket of cream-coloured lace over a lining of the silk, while the sleeves, also of lace, fit the arms closely but have no lining. They are finished with frills at the wrists. The chief decoration of the bodice is its enormous collar, which is a sailor shape in the back and forms flaring revers in front. It is made of broad white silk ribbon brocaded with roses and their foliage. The soft belt is of emerald green velvet. The gloves worn with this costume are white undressed kid. In the hair a large rose may be placed at one side, after the fashion of many years ago.

There is a special liking for boleros of guipure, lace, passementerie, or any

material adapted to the jacket design. They are considered specially suitable for young girls, as they actually decorate the entire costume when the skirt is, as it should be, quite plain.

The gown in illustration No. 11, meant for a very young girl, is of white tulle. The skirt foundation is of white satin, and the tulle, which is accordin-plaited, does not reach as far as the waist-line, but is joined about ten inches below it, under a full ruche of white satin, to a fitted white satin yoke. The bodice shows a front of white tulle in rows of shirrings, and tulle is draped over it in surplice fashion to give a broad effect at the shoulders and a narrow one at the waist. The sleeves are formed of plaitings of the tulle. The belt is of white satin, and fastens under a cabbage bow at the left side. If preferred, the draped



NO. 12

I'M SO GLAD

Robinson's
Patent Barley

**Suits Baby down to
the ground.**

**SINCE I WEANED BABY,
I HAVE FED HER UPON**

Robinson's
Patent Groats

**twice daily. She is hard as
nails. Of course I use good
milk.**

part of the bodice could be drawn up very high, so that but little of the neck would show, while long, shirred tulle sleeves, fully covering the arms, could come from under the frills. With such a costume, white silk stockings and white satin slippers should be worn.

The black satin skirt is not worn by very young girls, but is admirably

green satin, entirely covered with thick guipure lace; the front is of black silk muslin laid in plaits and crossed by straps of green satin. The sleeves and folded belt are of green satin, not covered by the lace, but untrimmed so that the colour contrast may be emphasised. A high collar of black jet is worn around the throat, while in the hair from under



NO. 14 AND NO. 10

adapted to older girls and to matrons of any age. Usually, the skirt is made quite plain, the bodice worn with it being elaborately trimmed and contrasting in colour and fabric. A typical costume intended for evening wear, and showing a black satin skirt, is here pictured in illustration No. 12. The skirt is untrimmed and just suggests a train. It is carefully fitted to the figure. With it is worn a square-necked jacket of emerald

a green satin rosette springs up a high black plume. The contrasts in colour for evening dresses are very decided, one costume having a skirt of pink wool, a bodice of plaited silk muslin in white, and a belt and bunches of shoulder loops, the first of ruby velvet and the last of ruby satin.

The very *distingué* toilette, especially adapted for an elderly lady, shown in illustration No. 13, is another proof of

**DR
TIBBLES'**

VI-Cocoa



The Struggle for Existence.

WHERE there is brain-fag and utter
limpness, what is to be done?
This is the time when Dr. TIBBLES' VI-
COCOA plays such an important part. It not
only revives the exhausted nervous system,
but it gives tone to what we may call the
fountain of life and vigour.

The tired student, the exhausted profes-
sional man, the teacher, are revived, restored,
and strengthened by Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA,
which brightens the eye, and stores up reserve
power in the nervous system.

DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA,
6d., 9d., and 1s. 6d.

DAINTY SAMPLE TIN POST FREE ON APPLICATION
(A Post Card will do) if when writing you name "The Ludgate Magazine."

**DR
TIBBLES'**

VI-Cocoa Ltd.,

60, 61, 62 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

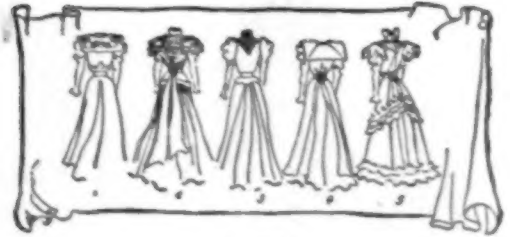


NO. 13

the popularity of the black satin skirt. This one has an *entre-deux* of black lace over deep purple satin ribbon as a trimming upon the skirt. The bodice, also

of the satin, shows straps harmonising with the decoration on the skirt, and the neck is cut out to form a Dutch square. Its finish is an enormous white guipure collar, spangled with black jet beads. The sleeves are of black lace over purple, and the belt is of heavy purple satin with a bow at one side.

The gown in which the *débutante* is to



NO. 15

make her bow when she is presented is always of great importance, and is prettiest when it absolutely suggests a flower. The costume shown in illustration No. 14 is admirably adapted for a young girl. It is made of pale green light-weight silk, trimmed with frills of pale rose silk around the lower edge, while a pointed effect is achieved further up on the skirt by similar frillings, headed by a row of white marguerites. The bodice, a round one, is of plaited silk muslin, and has a pointed guipure decoration headed with marguerites. A few marguerites are worn in the hair, and long, white, undressed kid gloves almost entirely cover the arms.



SATIN POLISH

Is unequalled for Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes, Hand and Travelling Bags, Trunks, Harness, and all Black Leather Goods.

It is not a Spirit Varnish, & will not injure the Leather.

SATIN BROWN CREAM

For cleaning and polishing Brown Boots and Shoes of all kinds.



SATIN WHITE & BLACK CREAMS

For improving all kinds of Patent Leather and Glace Kid.

MAGIC BRONZE

Gives to Old Boots and Shoes, Ornaments, &c., the appearance of new.

ARMY & NAVY LIQUID BLACKING

Gives a Brilliant Jet Black Polish quickly.



WARRANTED PURE

COLMAN'S STARCH

USE ONLY

BRITISH STARCH

IT IS THE BEST.

Parker's WATERPROOFS



CHESTERFIELD COAT.

21/-

SCARBORO' (Cape all round)

28/- 26"

Ladies' Waterproofs,

13/6

White Coachman's,

21/-

Will stand any Climate. TAILOR MADE. FIT GUARANTEED. Patterns sent.

CARRIAGE PAID.

PARKER'S

Rubber Works, Lancaster



AT ALL GROCERS AND CORN DEALERS.



'EXCEL' COCOA

Absolutely Pure. . . £1,000 REWARD.

"Few can equal, none can 'Excel.'"—Fen.

In Packets and Tins, 2s. per lb.

Delicious Aroma, Dietetic, Sustaining.—Vide Analysts.

CHOCOLATE HORSESHOES (Registered). A superior Chocolate, in handsome boxes, 6d.

"SOUVENIR" Boxes, the Season's Success, from 6d.

CHOCOLATE WAFERS, a Delicious Chocolate, 6d. & 1s. p. box
COURT CHOCOLATE, the finest eating Chocolate, in handsome boxes, 1s. and 2s.

Sold everywhere, or direct from

COMPAGNIE FRANCAISE,

Purveyors to H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

LONDON WORKS, BERMONDSEY, S.E.

To Our Readers.

The January Number of THE LUDGATE will contain numerous Articles of exceptional interest, illustrated to the full with Photographs and Drawings.

An item of special importance is an Interview, by H. Estelle Mills, with His Excellency Sir Chichen Lofengluh, the Chinese Ambassador in this country. The article contains portraits of His Excellency and of the Secretary of Legation, both of whom gave special sittings to a LUDGATE photographer at the Embassy.

Mr. Frank Hird's series of articles on the enslavement of children in London, dropped from the present number to admit a pleasanter article from the same pen, will be continued. He deals, in his fourth article, with those who are engaged in the making of artificial flowers, and shows that even the makers of sacks and tarpaulins have not greater hardships to endure.

By way of contrast to the article on the Chinese Embassy, E. F. Strange will give an account of "The New-Year Cards of Japan." These are coloured wood engravings designed by the best of the artists of Old Japan, and the article is illustrated with reproductions of examples chosen from one of the finest existing collections.

In connection with the barracks of the Royal Engineers at Chatham, there exists a museum filled with curious trophies illustrating more especially the engineering side of war. This museum will be described by C. McCluer Stevens, the illustrations being from photographs taken by special permission.

The growth of the popularity of liqueurs in this country has been very notable of late years. Under the title "Liqueur, Sir?" Robert Machray will describe what is known of the making of Benedictine and Chartreuse and divers of the lesser liqueurs.

These are only a few of the articles that will go to the making of a number as varied as any that has yet been issued. It may be added, however, that the Editor has been able to make special arrangements whereby the Fashions will be illustrated every month by a series of pictures of the very latest creations of M. Worth and other of the makers of fashion in Paris. These illustrations will appear exclusively in THE LUDGATE, and will give the pages devoted to them a unique interest.

As to the Fiction, there will be the usual variety of short stories. "The Master Criminal" series will be continued, the next tale, "The Cradlestone Oil-Mills," being a worthy successor to those that have preceded it. F. Norreys Connell will supply another of his tales of "The Deeds of Michael Niel," a story of the Indian frontier that will be of especial interest at the present time.

W. F. Shannon will be represented by another broadly humorous tale of Navy life. Those who have read his previous contributions to these pages will be eager to hear of how James Twelves, a previous hero, had a lamentably unhappy love affair. The rest of the fiction will be well up to the standard of previous numbers, and will include stories by Major T. Preston Battersby, Oliver Leake and Henry Martley.

As to the illustrations, they will be as numerous as in the present number, and all will be the work of artists of note. It will hardly be necessary to do more than name A. S. Hartrick, J. H. Bacon, Ernest Prater, Paul Hardy, Stanlaxus, D. Macpherson and James Greig, who, amongst others, will be responsible for this department of the journal.